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Broadway Translations

*“ Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.”*



Broadway Translations

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

TCHRIMEKUNDAN, NANSAL, DġROAZANMO
As performed in the Tibetan Monasteries

*Translated from the French Version of JACQUES
BACOT (with an Introduction, Notes, and Index) by*

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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH penetrated during the last half-century by a few European travellers, Tibet remains for the great public an almost unknown country. Little known, geographically, on account of impassable political and natural frontiers, it no longer conceals many of the mysteries which the imagination lends it. The Buddhism which Tibet welcomed in the seventh century of our era, at the same time from India and from China, which it transformed into *Lamaism*, elected Tibet as holy land and as refuge, and from there it radiated and still radiates abroad.

In addition, European Indianists, faced by the rarity of the Sanskrit texts of Buddhism, of which most have disappeared, have turned toward the Tibetan translations made in the seventh century. These sacred books of Buddhism, of which a few European capitals possess a copy, form together three hundred and twenty volumes.

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But these servile translations do not constitute the whole of Tibetan literature. Of this, of the still very little known original literature, we shall attempt here to publish only the drama.

The Tibetan theatre is religious and legendary. Its repertory, very restricted, is composed of about a dozen Buddhic mysteries. Some are drawn from Indian fables, especially from the *Jatakas*; ¹ others are drawn from the history and hagiography of Tibet.² These dramas will give, better than a technical treatise, an idea of what is, not certainly the pure Buddhism of the first age, but the Buddhism of the North, as it lives to-day and has lived for many centuries.

The Tibetan mysteries or dramas are played in the monasteries, in the court in front of the temples, or on the adjacent prairie. Certain monasteries specialize in such or such drama and play once a year during the cooler weather of the sixth moon.

The actors are monks. Lay professionals often come to play the women's parts. The costumes and the wigs are very accurate. The Brahmins wear the voluminous white turban and the cotton waistcloth. The kings on the other hand, although they are of India, are

¹ *Jatakas*: *History of the Former Existences of the Buddha*.

² In the *Asiatic Journal*, Sept.-Oct. 1914, I gave the titles of nine of these dramas.

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dressed like Emperors of China.¹ The ministers are recognizable by their vast flat, fringed hats, all in red silk.

The drama being composed of narrative and dialogue, the narrative, as well as the prologue, is told by the narrator. The narrator is a Brahmin for the pieces drawn from the Indian tradition and, for the purely Tibetan pieces, the narrator is a special personage called *hunter*. The *hunters* are fairly numerous; they form a chorus at the same time as a *corps de ballet*. They dance and play the general utility rôles. They all wear the same kind of mask, triangular and edged with the hair of wild beasts. Other somewhat special personages wear a mask, such as the negro, the ogress, etc. The form of the *book*, be it printed or manuscript, is small (long leaflets separated the one from the other), so that the actors who hold them in their hands may not be incommoded. Many of these monks, in fact, not knowing their parts, have to read them. On the leaflets coloured marks are stuck at the beginning of the speeches and warn the actor who follows his text when he must take up his cue.

These dramas are not dialogues all ready to be played as are our plays. The different

¹ It must be noted that in Tibet, up to these last years, all that is spiritual influence comes from India, all that is political influence comes from China.

Even in our day, the Maharajah of Sikkim, lamaist prince, dining at the house of the Governor of Bengal, wears the grand yellow Chinese costume.

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phases of the action are bound together by a narrative, usually short, read rapidly or recited by the narrator, or played simply by the actors with mime as an indication of the action. This mute narrative is in prose, whereas the exposition and the rather lengthy parts of the narrative are often in nine syllable verses and become the choruses sung by the *hunters* or even by all the actors assembled round the manuscript. This naïve procedure is full of charm.

The dialogue, in verses of nine or seven syllables, is also sung and generally danced. The performance is very long. The king, always a sort of king of kings, is he who sings most slowly, as becomes such an august and solemn personage. The end of his sentences is in some way stammered. The last syllable (in Tibetan the verb which contains the idea) cannot leave his mouth vulgarly and in a rush ; but it falls, separated, precious, like an anxiously awaited beneficence. And the whole court, in suspense during the speech, picks up the king's last word and sings it with him. The effect is admirable. The voices of men in Tibet do not screech as elsewhere in Asia ; they have a gravity and a gentleness found elsewhere only in the Russian people.

Thus the dramas here printed are not played as they are. The dialogue is not sufficiently developed. The specialists of the monasteries where they are played put them into dialogue in a form which does not seem to be definitive,

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professional actors specializing in certain rôles, each having his own version, which is not that of any other professional. The drama as it is published in Tibet and as we give it here is only the typical drama so to speak, the dialogue of which is respected and augmented, but the narrative of which is largely interpreted.

We have divided the dramas into chapters whereas the texts are uninterrupted. This division is not entirely arbitrary. It exists virtually; we have done nothing but indicate it. The Tibetans do not seem to trouble themselves about the division of action according to the pluralities of time and place. The performance begins when the notabilities have arrived and stops at fall of day, to be renewed on the morrow. The performance, always slow, chanted, filled with mute "business," cut with rest, may last three days.

The stage is an enclosure limited by the crowd on one side, and on the other, by the sumptuous tents of the guests and the abbots of the monasteries. There are not even the wings of the Chinese theatre. A velum, in the centre of the enclosure, shelters the actors from the sun.

An example of silent "business," of long duration, is given in the performance of *Tchrimekundan*. The text only mentions the marriage of Prince Tchrimekundan. The performance gives the whole ceremony. A pro-

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cession even goes out of the enclosure, preceded by dancers and musicians. It opens for itself a path in the crowd of spectators and circulates through the tents. Four monks forming a square surround the young couple with a long piece of stuff of which they hold the angles. And the royal couple advance between the four silk walls of this enclosure which proceeds with them.

Finally, rough fooling and improvised clowning enliven the performance. The beggars are usual the principal actors and some demon or spirit is ordinarily the victim.

No more than the Chinese theatre does the Tibetan theatre seek to produce the illusion by scenery and stage effects, which, if one reflects, is the contrary of scenic art and is a little childish. It is by art that in the simple "business" and in the miming of the actors, the scenery and the crude "property" are suppressed. This procedure varies much naturally with the nature of the stage. On the Chinese stage, for instance, constructed like our own, a warrior will spring from the wings, will stop his horse with a pull on the reins, will dismount without there being need of a horse, but by a mimicry which he will allow to be seen. In Tibet, on the open-air stage, in the field, one would make use of the horse, because it would be to hand. But, for example, without leaving the stage, one can give the impression, the vision of flight, with more vigour than in disappearing into the wings. In the performance

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of *Tchrimekundan* one sees a striking example : Tchrimekundan gives his three little children to three Brahmin beggars. The beggars brutally take possession of the poor mites, each taking away his own. And thus they plough the stage in every direction, scraping the earth and describing arcs of circles, so that the children dragged at arm's length, in order to follow with their little legs, take giant's steps or let themselves be dragged. And this "business," all with studied movements, is most affecting.

There are, further, gestures, methods of greeting, of speaking, which the Tibetan words express, words which in our languages have nothing to correspond with them. The hierarchical richness of the vocabulary and the politeness in the Tibetan language, surpass by far the resources of the Chinese language. The verb *to say* according to the importance of the personage speaking and according to the person to whom he is speaking, has no less than eleven ways of being expressed, which are different terms and which are graduated between a sense near commanding and a sense near begging. Phrases such as *the king spake, so-and-so spake*, repeated at each cue in our translation, are infinitely varied expressions in the Tibetan text. The whole of the dialogue and the diction reflect these graduations and modulations. *Hear me* is not said in the same way accordingly as it is the king or a subject, the father or his child, speaking.

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We will add nothing to the subject of the language of these dramas, unless it be that, understood by the least-lettered Tibetans, certain abstract terms have to be rendered by the concrete and popular acceptance they have to-day: religion for law; heaven, hell for less general expressions or for more far-fetched periphrases. Buddhism has been transformed in the measure that the sense of these words has evolved and approaches that which they have at all times and in all places.

It is thus that we have been led to translate special terms, concrete or abstract, by the defective analogues which French offers¹ and not by their exact Sanskrit equivalents, as is customary in translations of Buddhist works.

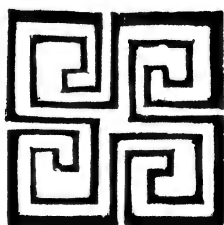
The proper names are sometimes translated, sometimes retained in their Tibetan pronunciation or orthography. We have been guided only by the care of offering a readable text. The translation of a proper name is sometimes a whole phrase which it would be impossible to repeat and which one cannot always abridge. Besides, the transcription of proper names composed of four, five or even seven syllables, would be excessively heavy, incorporated in French.¹ To facilitate reading we have therefore made an arbitrary choice. We have made it without scruple, since the index gives the proper names in their transcription and their integral translation.

¹ And English.—*Translator.*

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And now who are the authors, what are the dates of these dramas? The Tibetans attribute *Tchrimekundan* and several other mysteries to the sixth Tale-lama, Tsongs-dbyangs-rgyamthso (seventeenth century), who was a delicate poet, in love with the arts and with beauty in all its forms, the feminine principally. To attribute the dramas to him, one takes as one's authority perhaps a certain knowledge of the feminine heart, manifest in these works, knowledge which surpasses maybe an ordinary monk's experience. From this Tale-lama we have poems so licentious that it is difficult to imagine the same pen passing from their *galanterie* and from their impiety to the formal edification of our dramas.

The colophon, when there is one, gives us only the names of the copyists and the dates anterior to a cycle of sixty years, without specifying this cycle. Many books in Tibet, supposed to be the work of the gods, will remain for ever anonymous.





TCHRIMEKUNDAN

INTRODUCTION

THIS story passes at Nepal, at an imaginary period prodigiously remote. It is the story of the last existence on earth but one of him who will be reborn Çakya-Muni. Vessantara, "*Tchrimekundan* of the Tibetans," is the future Buddha. He passes a life of remarkable trials, all of which he has attracted to himself by his passion for charity.

Tchrimekundan is the son of the king of Betha, a very rich and very powerful king, who possesses a jewel, the Cintāmani, the possession of which assures the realization of all desires. From his earliest infancy the young prince shows a marvellous love for all creatures. He gives all he possesses to the poor. His father opens for him the royal treasure in which he delves without counting, to the great satisfaction of Daouazanpo the

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good minister and to the despair of Taradzes the bad minister. The two ministers represent Good and Evil, as in the Christian mysteries. The virtuous Daouazanpo even bears as attribute, during the performances, a prayer-mill and a rosary. Taradzes, to check Tchimekundan's prodigality, makes him marry Princess Mendezanmo from the neighbouring kingdom. But the princess is virtuous and does not hinder her husband from distributing to all-comers, without distinction of country, the royal treasure.

A king jealous of the power of the King of Betha sends a Brahmin to ask of Tchimekundan the famous jewel which realizes all desires. Tchimekundan, fearing the anger of his father, the king, refuses at first. Then, not being able to bear the Brahmin's reproaches, gives him the jewel. Taradzes informs the king of the disappearance of the jewel which made the kingdom's fortune. The king at first is incredulous; but, when he has his son's avowal, he becomes very angry, and assembles all the ministers to resolve on the punishment to inflict on the guilty man. All, save the good minister Daouazanpo, demand torture. Daouazanpo asks that the young prince be sent into exile for twelve years on a wild mountain called *Hachang of the demons*. Mendezanmo wants to follow with her children her husband into exile. The farewells of Tchimekundan and his mother are one of the most beautiful passages in the work.

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Hardly on the road to exile, the travellers meet three poor Brahmins who ask charity of them. Tchimekundan gives them his three elephants which carry the food for the journey. Further on he gives to three other beggars his horses and his waggons. The travellers have nothing left ; they go on foot across wild and terrible country, filled with phantoms and wild beasts. Three more beggars present themselves ; they ask of Tchimekundan his children. He hesitates, then gives them. Having nothing left but his wife, he gives even her to two beggars. She is immediately returned, for Indra, under the guise of the two beggars, had only wished to test him. The couple reach the mountain of the demons. They each construct a hut and they live there twelve years in contemplation. Their time of exile passed, they set out again for the kingdom of Betha. On the road, they meet a blind man who begs charity of them. Tchimekundan gives him his own eyes. The beggar, going before Tchimekundan to Betha, proclaims everywhere his generosity and announces his return. At this news, the old king, smitten with remorse, sends his ministers to meet his son. Tchimekundan, whose eyes have been miraculously restored to him, finds his children again, then the jewel, which the neighbour king, filled with regret, comes himself to bring him. He arrives surrounded with glory at Betha ; he bequeaths the kingdom to his son

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and, in the form of a lotus, carried away by the wind, escapes from the chain of existences.

One asks oneself if all is fiction in this legend, or if the fabulous personage of Vessantara does not mask a prince who existed. Infrequent Buddhist pilgrims still go to the town of Bettiah, near the frontier of Nepal. One would still show there in the palace courtyard a vast hearth round which Vessantara gathered and fed the beggars. An old woman, a few years ago, styled herself the last descendant of Vessantara. Lettered Buddhists do not believe in the authenticity of these resemblances. There is, as always, interpolation of historic places and personages in the legend, but identification of either does not seem to have been possible.

Every language of Asia has its version of this legend. The Tibetans have drawn from it a mystery which has the advantage of moulding itself to the exigencies of the stage, of offering less dullness than the narrated versions, but more life and simplicity. It was placed by the Tibetan author himself within reach of the multitude.

The *Tchrimékundan* is the most played of all the Tibetan dramas. I have found two printed editions; others possibly exist. The text I have translated is manuscript. It was given me and commentated by a Tibetan lama of the monastery of Ourga (Mongolia) in 1912.

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At the same time Mr Denison Ross¹ found the printed text at Darjeeling in the Himalayas, and published it in Tibetan characters at Calcutta, in the *Bibliotheca Indica*. In the following year Mr Denison Ross, seeing that I was making a complete translation of the *Tchrimekundan*, forwent publishing the abridged translation which he was announcing with his text, and was so kind as to send it to me. It has been very valuable for throwing light on more than one doubtful point or for confirming the interpretation. The translation that follows appeared in the *Asiatic Journal* (September-October 1914).

This legend of Vessantara is perhaps the most touching and the most popular of all Buddhist literature. In Tibet it is a weeping success. The rude Tibetans cannot hear it or read it without crying. Strong minds, which claim to resist the charm, are, it is said, put to the test: during the first pages they keep countenance, from the tenth they grimace, and, vanquished, they dissolve in tears at the twelfth.

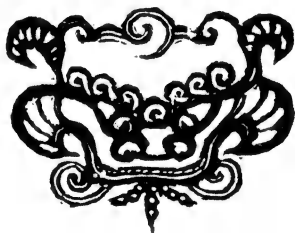
This story, by showing what stirs men whose hearts are not easily touched, will indicate the nature of their sensibility, which resides more in the imagination than in the heart.

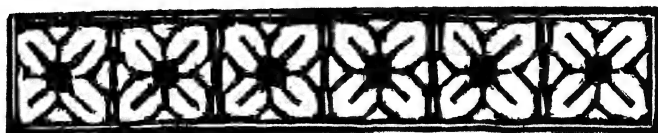
Similarly, I doubt whether the European reader will arrive at the point of weeping like

¹ Now Sir Denison Ross, Director of the School of Oriental Studies of London.

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the Tibetan Buddhist. Fiction does not stir him. Tchrimékundan's superhuman charity will leave him cold, will exasperate him even. It goes beyond its goal; it can only be pride. And it is this which exalts the Asiatic listener: the marvellous in which he believes always. The true Buddhist lives far enough from realities for superhuman virtue, false consequently, to seem within his reach and to find an echo in his consciousness.





THE DRAMATIC STORY OF *TCHRIMEKUNDAN*

Om mani padme houn ! Hail to the Buddha
sublime Chenresi !²

Once on a time, an incalculable number of
ages ago,

In the great city of the land of Bheta,
The king named *Protector of the Earth*,
SplendourofGlory had three thousand ministers.
And he ruled over sixty little kings.

He possessed all the riches which satiate in
inconceivable varieties,

And another jewel still more excellent, called
Cintāmani, that which bringeth to pass in an
instant all that one doth desire.

In the next place this powerful king had
five hundred wives of noble lineage,

Five hundred wives endowed with great
riches,

Five hundred perfectly beautiful wives,
So that he had one thousand five hundred
consorts.

¹ In the translation we write the proper names as they are pronounced. The index gives the Tibetan orthography.

² Indian divinity Avalokitesvara. See this word and Bodhisattwa.

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And the king had not a single son and he suffered in his heart.

He consulted the seers.

Who told him to pray to the Jewels,

To offer a sacrifice to the eight classes of demons.

To give charity to the needy :

And then a son, incarnation of a Bodhisattwa, would be born to him.

The king being delighted at this,

He prayed to the Jewels,

He offered a sacrifice to the eight classes of demons,

And gave charity to the needy.

Then, before a long time was past, the agreeable princess named *Gedanzanmo* (Virtuous and Good),

Who, exempt from the eight faults, was completely virtuous,

Understood through a happy dream that a son would be born to her.

Having come into the king's presence, she said :

"O great king who hast rule over mankind, hear me.

Behold what this very night I have seen.

During my sleep a happy dream appeared to me.

By the three hundred and sixty little veins of my body,

I dreamed that the wheel of great happiness turned above my head.

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I saw come out of it a golden thunderbolt in flames,

And I saw its point turned toward the Zenith.

And its light radiated in the ten directions.

A rainbow surrounded me like a canopy of light,

And a conch whispered in the three thousand worlds of space.

Such were the presages of my dream.

The pure and immense palace of my body

Will be the source of a son gifted with knowledge.

On a day fortunate through the planets and the constellations,

A child gifted with good fortune will be born.

Such is the symbol. Everywhere must prayer be offered perfectly."

Thus did the princess speak.

And the king, filled with joy, said these words :

"O Virtuous and Good, in harmony with my soul,

We two, without ever separating from each other, will live together.

If the divine wheel be in thy body,

The golden thunderbolt in flames which grew

Upon the wheel of fortune, above thy head,

Shall come that it may be the greatest of Saviours,

The rainbow which enveloped thee like a canopy doth indicate an incarnation of Buddha,

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The whisper of the conch in space
Is the sign that the call to prayer shall crack
out melodiously in the ten directions.

It doth announce that by the offering of rich
sacrifices to heaven,

By the fruit of charity on the Earth,
A son shall be born to the childless king.

It doth announce that my desire is realized
through thee.

I will have the ceremonies solemnized even
as thou hast ordered.

The three lamas *Wise, Noble, and Good*,
And five hundred doctors shall read the
Sutras and the quintessence of them.

A sealed order shall go in every direction
without limit.

Five hundred magicians bearers of the magic
poniard

Shall make a great murmuring in pronounc-
ing *Om* and *Phat*.¹

Arms and offerings charged with terrible
maledictions shall be thrown to the spirits.

Enemies who are breakers of the oath shall
be reduced to cinders.

And to attract good fortune,

I will plant my magic arms among the
offerings."

He performed these ceremonies, even as he
had said.

Then, nine or ten months having passed,
The royal child was born.

¹ Magic syllables for driving evil spirits away.

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As soon as he was born, before any other word he said :

“ *Om mani padme houm.*”

Then, having said these words, he wept.

He showed to all beings a mercy like to the lovè of a mother for an only son.

And the king's ministers, enchanted, gave him the name of *Tchrimekundan* (Immaculate).

And after prayers in inconceivable number had been said,

He dwelt in the palace called *Gaouaisamling* (Abode of the soul that rejoiceth) like to a palace of precious stones.

Then, when he was five years old, being very learned in holy writ, in astronomy,

And in the five sciences, he learned the *Sutras* by heart.

Having said that he had all beings for father and mother,

He uttered these words :

“ Alas ! in the abyss of transmigrations

The terrible pain it containeth is mine.

I have compassion for all beings

Whose soul is carried away by the fierce and deceiving desire for wealth.

Alas ! all the pains of transmigration,

Woe ! Woe ! how to cure them ?

I have pity for the spirit which cannot free itself from its egoism in the city burned by the fire of the desires.

I have pity for the beings of the three worlds
Who, wherever they look, see no escape

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In the endless fire of existence.

I have an infinite commiseration for the world's labour which finisheth never.

I have pity for the pain of the wedded

Who are deluded by the hope of being always united.

I have pity for those whom self-love attacheth to the fatherland,

For the fatherland is but an encampment in the desert.

I have pity for the creatures, equally issue of a father and a mother,

And who cause disagreement between themselves and others.

I have pity for the avarice which doth hoard the honey that is wealth,

Which another possessor shall enjoy.

I have pity for those who, under the burden of their sins,

Fall into the gulf of hell.

I have pity for the ignorant who have gone astray

And have not believed the good word.

I who have realized my name of Immaculate

Have pity for myself who am alone among these straying creatures.

My father's goods patiently amassed

Have neither usefulness nor worth, thus collected.

Is it not meet that I should give them in charity?"

Thus did he speak.

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Then the Father said :

“O my Tchrimekundan who hast realized thy name,

At first, before thy birth, my sorrow was inconceivable.

Now, all my garnered wealth,
As much as thou wilt, give it in charity.”

Thus did he speak.

Then did the king's son give boundless alms,
And the suffering of the needy vanished.

When he had done that,

The evil-minded minister, named *Taradzēs*,
Having come into the king's presence, did thus beseech :

“Great king who rulest over mankind, hear me.

All thy garnered wealth

Is scattered by Tchrimekundan.

King deprived of wealth, thou hast become the subject of other kings.

Moreover, the royal child Tchrimekundan,

When he hath married a princess,

Will be endeared to wealth, and that will be better.”

Thus did he beseech.

Then, all the royal ministers having held counsel,

Mendezanmo, daughter of king *Daouazanpo*,
of the land of the *Lotus*,

Beautiful of form and agreeable to see,

White and fragrant,

Of great piety and honouring religion,

Delighting the heart like a god's daughter,

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Decked with precious jewels,
The king's son, Tchrimekundan, married
her.

On that day, this young girl, greeting the
king's son,

Bowed her head before him as before her lord,
And with her heart full of love, she spake
these eulogies to him :¹

"Thou art like the conquerors resplendent
with purity.

Thou art endowed with virtues surpassing
thought.

The wealth thou dost enjoy is inconceivable.

Thou dost resemble the philosopher's stone,
for thou dost accomplish all desires.

Now that I see thee the king who hath rule
over the world,

Zanmo is happy and her heart is ravished
with love."

Thus did she speak.

And the king's son, having looked at Zanmo,
spake these words :

"O thou who wast not born of a mother,
beautiful charmer, with a goddess' body,

Thy voice is an harmonious music to the ear,
thy gestures are charming.

Most beautiful Zanmo, now that I see thee,
goddess,

I also am happy, and my heart brimmeth
over with love.

¹ Zanmo's eulogies of her husband and the latter's replies are, in the Tibetan text, acrostics on their names.

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Our meeting is an answer to our vows of old.¹

Let us enjoy happiness in glory."

Thus did he speak.

Then the king's son and his spouse entered the palace again full of joy, and they dwelt there devoting themselves to religion.

Three children were born in the same child-bed one after the other.

The elder son was call *Virtuous*.

The younger son was called *Good and Noble* ;

The daughter was called *Good and Beautiful*.

As there was great feasting,

One day the king with the ministers having gone into the garden to admire the flowers,

Many men assembled at the palace gate,

Like sheep shut in the slaughter-house and looking toward the king with wide-open eyes.

Then the king's son having said this: "O my father, O Great Compassionate, thou dost know it!"

And with tears and long sighs, having returned to the palace, he suffered great sorrow.

And without having taken food, he fell asleep.

Then the king the father, having come back near his son, said to him :

"O Tchrimekundan who hast realized thy name,

In the holy palace Gaouaisamling,

Thou canst enjoy all the desires of happiness and joy.

¹ To our prayers in former existences.

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And yet, without being joyous or rejoicing,
thou dost rest there without moving.

What fatal misfortune hath happened?

Thou must tell me the truth without evasion."

Thus did he speak.

And the king's son then said :

"O Father who hast rule over the gods,

Alas! when I think of all the sorrows of
existence,

This thought is the cause of all my trouble.

Creatures, driven by their former works, are
blind.

These and the others and the six classes of
beings

Fall into the abyss of birth, life, disease and
death.

If they did not fall therein, I should be
delivered from my sorrow."

Thus did he speak.

Then the father said :

"O most pure son, hear me.

The creatures' suffering is their own work.

It is useless to make thyself unhappy about it.

Tchrimékundan, rejoice in thy good fortune.

If thou dost transgress my commands, thou
dost commit a great sin."

Thus did he speak.

Then the son said :

"Father who hast rule over mankind, hear
me.

At the gates of the palace, I have seen the
suffering of a great number of men.

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If I gave the wealth patiently gathered by
my father

To the poor creatures deprived of riches,
My sorrow would vanish."

Thus did he speak.

Then the father said :

" O my Tchrimekundan, fulfilment of thy
name.

I have no care but for my son.

Do all that pleaseth thee, but avoid suffering."

Having spoken thus,

He gave his son the keys of the treasury
and said :

" Make of my riches the use thou wilt."

Then, the king's son having assembled all
the riches in the treasury

And having convoked all the men of the
universe,

A shower of alms fell.

Then he ordered the men to say : "*Om
mani padme houn.*"

And these were delivered from suffering and
poverty.

At this time, in the neighbouring land, called
Confines of the Sandy Desert.

The king *Mighty Wooden Throne*, whose
soul had become evil,

Having assembled his court, said :

" O my followers, hear me.

In the great city of the land of Bheta,

The king's son, named Tchrimekundan,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Hath made a vow to give his wealth in charity.

To all-comers doth he give impartially.

I have heard tell of it all over the world,

Say now which of you will go to ask of him

The Jewel which doth realize desires.

To him will I give the half of my kingdom."

Thus did he speak.

Then they replied :

"He will not give the Jewel, but he will have us killed.

We will not go to so distant a country."

And none promised.

Then an old Brahmin who had no longer a single tooth-pearl, rose alone and said :

"Great king, can I go to ask for the Jewel?

Gather together provisions for the journey, a garment and some boots."

And the king having gathered together the provisions for the journey, the garment and the boots, sent him on his way.

Then the Brahmin having crossed mountains and plains, reached the land of Bheta.

At the palace gate, having supported his chin on his hands, he wept and waited.

A minister having come to ask him whence he was and what he desired,

The Brahmin answered :

"I am from the Confines of the Sandy Desert.

I have come that the king's son, Tchrimkundan, may give me food."

Then the minister asked the king's son.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

And the latter, filled with joy, came to the palace gate.

And said to the Brahmin :

“Alas, my friend, thou hast just made a long journey,

Swiftly crossing mountains and plains.

Is not thy body weary ?

Say what thou dost desire and it shall quickly be sought.

I will realize all thy desires.”

Thus did he speak.

And the Brahmin wept.

Having joined the palms of his hands, he said these words :

“ Unique Eye of innumerable creatures,
My country is the Confines of the Sandy Desert.

My king, Mighty Wooden Throne,

Is dead after three years' sickness.

That is why the poor and they who serve are perishing.

My name is *Lotchreu* (Intelligence).

I am father of a wretched family.

My children surround me like the starved damned souls in hell.

For, having nothing to eat, by day, they are hungry.

Not having enough garments for them all, by night, they are naked.

Thou whose mercy is impartial,

Thou who givest charity to all without distinction of country.

To us poor, needy Brahmins,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

O king of Bheta, Tchimekundan,
Give the charity which pleaseth my heart.
So long as I live, I will repeat the prayer in
six words." ¹

Thus did he beseech.

Then the king's son having conducted the
Brahmin to the treasure chamber,

He gave him riches which satiate the desires
and in inconceivable variety.

But the Brahmin said :

"Great son of the king, hear me.
I have not come desiring these riches.
I have come for the Jewel which doth realize
all desires.

Tchimekundan, king of religion,
Give me the Jewel."

Thus did he speak.

The king's son said to the Brahmin :

"Brahmin Lotchreu whom I love, hear me.
My father hath not given me
The precious Jewel which doth realize all
desires,

And he will not give me it in the future.

If I give another man's property, he will
judge me.

Take all that I possess,
But lay aside all hope and fear as regards
the Jewel."

Thus did he speak.

And the Brahmin said :

"O king, hear me.

¹ Om ma ni pad me houn.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Having heard much talk of thy reputation
for giving charity,

I have come from far, at the cost of great
trouble.

If such be the case with hope, no longer do I
believe anything.

If thou dost not give me the Jewel willingly,
It is false that thou givest to others all they
desire.

If such be the case with thy promise, woe!

I am going to set out again for my own
country.

I do not want thy riches. Take them back."

He spake, and full of wrath, he departed.

Then the king's son, having run after the
Brahmin, said :

" Friend Brahmin, be not angry.

But, thy heart being appeased, hear me.

Here is the origin of the Jewel which doth
realize desires.

A white mermaid

Gave it to Buddha *Amitayus*.

Amitayus gave it to my father.

The king who hath rule over mankind hath
not given it to me.

If the kingdom hath extended its power,

It is through the virtue of the Jewel.

The people and the royal house increasing
in number

Are the effect of the Jewel.

Daouazanpo with the three thousand ministers

Are the effect of the Jewel.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The gathering together of so much glory and felicity

Is the effect of the Jewel.

Through it, he who hath rule over mankind is master of Fortune.

It is the precious urn whence all desires are born.

It hath vanquished the army of enemies.

It is the rarest Jewel on Earth.

It is the marvel of the three thousand worlds.

Although I shall be punished with death,
But because charity is the way of the Doctrine,
Brahmin Lotchreu, I give it thee."

Having spoken thus,

He shut the precious stone in the Brahmin's reliquary.

He gave him in addition an elephant.

Then he said these words.

"Now, great Brahmin, be good and stand up.
Load promptly on the elephant full of vigour
The stone which containeth all that one doth desire.

For if my father were to learn this, he would pursue thee.

He would take back the Jewel as well as the elephant.

And not content with robbing thee, he would deprive thee of life.

Renouncing sloth, use dispatch on the road.

Do this for thy safety and for mine."

Thus did he speak.

Then the Brahmin said to the king's son :

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

“ Remember this well in thy heart, O king’s son,

Thou art the only refuge of all creatures,

Thou art the incarnation of the blessed Buddhas of the past, the present and the future.

Thou art the way which leadeth the creatures of the three worlds to deliverance.

Thou art the first of those who make the doctrine of Buddha resplendent.

Thou art the vessel for crossing the river of Transmigration.

Thou art the army which shall annihilate the existence of the six classes of beings.

O king, who possessest strength, I salute thee.”

He uttered these praises.

After that, having loaded the riches on the elephant, the Brahmin departed.

Then the king’s son said this prayer :

“ Bodhisattwas of the ten directions,

All ye, hear me !

May I realize the desire of created beings !

And for having fulfilled the gift inspired by the Mahayana,

See that the Jewel be not stolen from the Brahmin.

And that he reacheth the barbarous country of the sand.”¹

Having prayed thus, the king’s son went back into the palace.

¹ Or the frontier of the Country of the Sand.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Later, a month having elapsed,
It having been learned that the given Jewel
had disappeared.

The ministers, the people and the servitors
were full of anxiety.

And, gathered in groups, they talked of it.

The evil minister Taradzes, having come
into the king's presence, spake in these words :

"O king, who hast rule over mankind, hear
me.

The famous Jewel which doth realize desires,
Thine unworthy son hath given it to an enemy.

If thou dost not believe me, go to see the
treasury and convince thyself.

Of what good is a son, if thou hast not the
Jewel.

Would it not be just to apply the law to
him?"

Thus did he speak.

And the king said these words :

"What thou sayest, is it true, minister
Taradzes?"

Of the words one doth hear, half is true, half
is false.

There is still time, question afresh and
examine more carefully,

Minister, and do not utter calumnies falsely.

Is he a man capable of giving the Jewel to
an enemy?"

Thus did he speak.

Then Taradzes answered :

"The precious Jewel which doth realize desires

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Mine eyes have seen it given to an enemy.

It is gone, given to a foreign Brahmin.

If thou dost not believe the truth of my words,

I shall not hinder thine heir from giving charity.

That is indifferent to me ; do as thou wilt."

He spake, and full of anger he departed.

Then the king the father was stricken in his heart.

As if he had drunk the liquor of a violent poison.

His countenance covering itself with shadow, became black.

In the morning, the sun having risen,

He went to his son's room.

And the latter bowed his head.

Then the father spake thus :

"O my Tchimekundan, who hast realized thy name.

Tell me the truth, thou who art the splendour of Good.

Thou who art born of the flesh of him who hath rule over mankind.

And who scattereth splendour on nine million cities,

Hast thou not given to an enemy

The precious treasure whence came the prosperity of my race?

Tchimekundan, answer me truly."

Thus did he speak.

And the son, bereft of speech, prostrated himself, joining the palms of his hands.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Then the father continued :

“ I am master of twenty thousand great cities,

Of sixty little kings and of three thousand ministers.

Of five hundred Jewels which put the crown on desires.

Of coffers filled with gold and silver,
And of treasures of all kinds.

Is it true that thou hast given to an enemy the Jewel which doth realize desires? ”

Thus did he speak.

Then the son thought he must tell the truth :

“ O great king, who hast rule over mankind, hear me.

To a very weary man coming from far,

Poor and without food,

To a man suffering with hunger and thirst,

To a foreign Brahmin, it is true I gave the Jewel.

Let not my father be wroth! ”

Thus did he speak.

And the father, bereft of consciousness, swooned.

And all the wives were stricken with a great sorrow.

After a moment, the father having come to himself again, spake these words :

“ In the North of the world, in the kingdom of Sibighosa,

Is the mighty king *Of the Voice Loud with Five Voices.*

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

But he hath not a jewel of like power.

In the South of the world is the *Land of the Precious Stones*.¹

But its king *Famous by his Limitless Renown* hath not a jewel of like power.

In the centre, in the land of coral *Indra Cocha*,

The king *Indrabhîti* hath not a jewel of like power.

It was the inexhaustible vessel of all my treasures.

It used to give me victories over the enemies from without.

It is a treasure which hath no price.

And thou, evil one, hast annihilated it.

My kingdom is thrown to the wind and will be scattered."

Thus did he speak.

Then the son said :

"O father, who hast rule over mankind, hear me.

My ardent pleasure is the giving of charity.

I have kept my promise to give all that other men desire.

If a man asked me for them, I would give straightway

My sons, my daughter and my life.

Let my father moderate his ardent love of riches."

Thus did he speak.

The father said :

¹ Ceylon.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

“Formerly, in the time when there was the Jewel,

My kingdom was happy and prosperous.
Now that we have a like Jewel no longer,
My kingdom is going to fall into the hands
of enemies.

Enemy of a former life, why hast thou done
this,

Without asking thy father's permission or
thy mother's counsel?

Why hast thou given the most precious of
Jewels to an enemy?”

Thus did he speak.

Then the son said :

“O father, who hast rule over the gods,
hear me.

Once on a time my father and I made a
promise

That I should give according to my pleasure
alms

To all poor and suffering creatures.

Have I not said that I will give in charity

My children born of my flesh,

My life and even the Jewel which doth realize
desires?”

Thus did he speak.

And the father said :

“Once on a time it was agreed that thou
shouldst give in charity

The wealth which fulfilled desires and
precious stones,

A treasury filled with gold, with silver, with

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

copper, with iron, and a granary filled with grain,

And horses, and elephants and buffaloes.

But it was not agreed

That thou shouldst give in charity

Thy body and the Jewel which doth realize desires."

Thus did he speak.

The son said :

"There is no hope of finding the Jewel again.

The honey gathered with so much trouble by the bee is without fruit.

Although my father doth love riches ardently,

The riches to which the miser is wedded are worthless.

A king who would be master of the treasures of space,

When he cometh to leave this world for another,

Must depart with empty hands.

Also dost thou not deceive thyself in loving riches?

Let my father show less of ardent love for riches,

For although thou dost love it with a covetous heart,

The Jewel will return no more."

Thus did he speak.

The father resumed :

"An enemy of a former life has taken my son's form.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

He who hath destroyed the Jewel which
doth realize desires,

He was a rising sun, and henceforth he
setteth in the evening.

My kingdom will be carried off by the wind.

Alas! see what misfortune!"

Thus did he speak.

The son resumed:

"If we free ourselves from avarice,

We shall realize our end and others',

And the sun of joy will rise afresh.

For that return only to religion."

Thus did he speak.

And the father resumed:

"Although I have held thee and loved thee
as my son,

Through love of evil, thou hast drained my
kingdom.

Since as an enemy thou hast destroyed the
Jewel,

I wish no more of thee; I deliver thee to
the law."

Thus did he speak.

And the king delivered Tchimekundan to
the executioners.

And the executioners having seized him,
stripped him.

They bound his hands behind his back,

And having attached a cord to his neck,
they dragged him and forced him to go round
the palace.

Meanwhile the princess Mendezanmo, pull-

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

ing her children by the hand and cleaving to
Tchrimekundan's footsteps,

Tore her hair, and her eyes were filled with
tears.

And she uttered these lamentations of sorrow:

"Alas! alas! what suffering!

My Tchrimekundan,

Thou art not dead and from to-day thou
seest the suffering of hell.

Will not the army of the gods come down?

Will not the Buddhas show their power?

Let them consider his innocence with favour.

My Tchrimekundan, thou hast loved the
path of virtue.

The king's ministers know it not.

Or they would not treat thee thus pitilessly.

Between riches or the son, they choose
riches.

Ye who are judges, have ye hearts no longer?

Would ye dare to act thus, even toward an
enemy?

Gods of the visible world and Spirits of the
Mountains,

Ye that have rule over mankind and who
possess the earth,

My suffering and my children's suffering,

Have ye the power to protect him?

If ye have the power, come to his aid.

Alas! alas! What suffering!

How shall my spirit endure what is beyond
my heart's endurance?

Would that I were dead before I saw this!"

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

And, speaking thus, she clave to Tchrimekundan's steps.

And the executioners were armed with weapons such as :

Arrows swift as the White Horse.

The bow of the Great Shorn (?),

And swords,

And lances,

And catapults on elephants.

At the sight of them and at the sound of their trumpeting, one stayed stricken with terror.

Some of the executioners pushed the son from behind,

Others dragged him from before.

During the day, to make an exhibition of him, they walked him round the town ;

During the night they shut him in a dark pit and left him.

Nevertheless, all the men of the town gathered together and grieved.

Zanmo and her children, filled with sorrow,

Wept and beat their breasts with their fists.

And, in a voice harsh with suffering, she said :

"Tchrimekundan hath shown the path of virtue.

To poor, needy creatures,

Full of goodness, he acted as father.

He gave with joy all one desired.

Wherefore is the fruit of his charity not ripe?

Now that we are in such misfortune.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

This showeth that my good fortune and my children's good fortune is exhausted."

Having thus spoken, she uttered a great cry.

Then the king having assembled his ministers in council, he said to them :

"O all ye ministers, hear me.

My unworthy son hath given the Jewel to an enemy.

That is an incredible action even when one hath seen it ;

In what way must he be punished ?

All of ye reflect well thereon, O ministers."

Thus did he speak.

Then some of them said :

"Although he is the king's son, by virtue of the law,

It would be seemly that he should be flayed alive."

Another said :

"It would be seemly that he should be seated on the point of a stake."

Another said :

"It would be seemly to cut off each of his limbs separately."

Another said :

"It would be just to tear his heart out."

Another said :

"It would be meet to bleed him by hacking him from head to foot."

Another said :

"It would be seemly to kill him by crushing his bones and his flesh."

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Another said :

"It would be seemly to cut off his head and hang it on a hook at the palace gate."

Others said :

"It would be seemly to throw the king's son, his wife and his sons into the latrines."

All having said different words, they were not agreed as to how to kill the king's son.

Then the king's conscience being touched a little by remorse, he said to the ministers :

"My son hath been an honour to the path of virtue.

For he is of the race of a Bodhisattwa,

Who would dare kill him ?

Think well thereon again."

Thus did he speak.

The minister named Daouazanpo, of great piety and pure morals, said :

"Alas ! O all ye ministers,

What words have ye spoken ?

The king hath but this one son.

Without a king, what will become of the people ?

When I think of that, I am stricken with sorrow,

And I think of fleeing to the end of the world.

Great king, show not a timid heart,

Heed not the perverse counsels of thy ministers.

Thy son is the marvel of the Universe.

He is the wondrous incarnation of Buddha.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

His virtues are impossible to tell and to conceive.

Tchrimekundan is the crowning of us all.

And he hath been dragged round the palace.

Mendezanmo and her sons

Have followed him, and, seeing his face,
have wept.

The inhabitants of the city, the old men and the young, the children, men and women, having seen all this, were overwhelmed with sorrow.

Many say : *We wish to save his life.*

Having seen this sight, we cannot bear it.

Having seen it, we ask rather that we be killed.

Hear me still, ministers.

The law of Hor and the law of Tibet make two.

Can one put two saddles on a single horse?

For having given the Jewel, he hath been punished already.

Now, be ye pleased to free him."

The father said :

" Let my son be brought."

Then the minister Daouazanpo hastened to the palace gate.

He loosed the bonds of the king's son, passed over his body a delicate garment and decked him with beautiful ornaments, then, having prostrated himself :

" Precious son of the king, come to the palace."

He spake, and Tchrimekundan freed walked.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Hearing which, Mendezanmo and her children
Thought he was being taken away to be
killed,

And, their faces filled with tears, they clave
to him and held him back.

At this sight, Daouazanpo, stricken at once
with sadness,

And his eyes filled with tears, returned to
the king's presence and said :

" Having loosed the bonds of the king's son,
I invited him to come.

But Mendezanmo and her children, hearing
this,

Thought he was being taken away to be
killed and would not let him go.

At once was I stricken with sadness.

Think on that, precious king."

Thus did he speak.

The king said :

" If such be the case, let them all be brought
together."

He spake. And the minister Daouazanpo
having invited the king's son and his wife to
come, they entered the palace.

Tchrimekundan, his spouse and the children,
having prostrated themselves, stood before their
father.

Then the king said :

" An enemy of former times hath taken the
form of my son.

Thou hast given my precious Jewel to an
enemy.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Thou hast ruined my treasure.
And while the enemy is joyous, I am lost.
To account for so many misdeeds,
For having realized so many baneful designs,
Thou shalt go to the great mountain of the
demons

Called *Arid Hachan*,
Thou shalt stay there twelve years.
Depart forthwith and dwell no more in this
land."

Thus did he speak :
And the son said :
"O father, who hast rule over the gods,
hear me.

Not to rule according to religion is in a king
a fault.

How little pity for me my father shows,
He hath delivered me to vile torturers.
And the torturers have struck me at the
joints of all my limbs.

They have torn me with iron points.
They have dragged me like a wild horse
with a lasso.

The torturers surrounded me like an enemy.
They exhibited me to the crowd like a
hero's sabre.

They stripped me like a corpse.
In truth it is thus I have been taken round
the city.

At night they drove me into a pit like a robber.
Weapons have rained on me as on a danger-
ous evil-doer.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Such were the sufferings I endured.
No other creature hath suffered likewise.
I do not wish for deceiving riches.

Myself I ask to depart even as my father
hath commanded.

May my father and my mother dwell in peace.
And may the people be happy!"

Thus did he speak.

The king's son, his wife and his children
returned to their palace.

And, after having given in charity the riches
that remained to them, they prepared to depart
for the mountain called Hachan.

When the assembly of ministers was dis-
missed,

Each of the sixty little kings offered a piece
of gold.

Each of the three thousand ministers offered a
piece of silver.

Ninety thousand subjects offered horses and
elephants.

But the king's son gave all these riches in
charity.

And there remained in his hands not a single
precious possession.

After that, he said to Mendezanmo :

"Mendezanmo, hear me.

Even as my father hath commanded, I leave
for Mount Hachan.

Thou and thy children, return

To thy father's palace, in the Land of the
Lotus.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

And be happy, O ye, pure companions of my heart.

Dwell in health for twelve years.

And let us wish that one day I may find ye again,

Ye four and the multitude of subjects."

Thus did he speak.

And Mendezanmo, having prostrated herself, said to the king's son :

"O holy son of the king, if I am separated from thee,

How shall I dare go to the Land of the Lotus

If thou, the king, goest to Mount Hachan,

How, mother and children, shall we live?

We were united in our happiness, how should we be divided in our misfortune?

How even bear the thought of it?

Take us wherever thou shalt go."

Thus did she speak.

And the king's son answered :

"Zanmo, speak not thus.

In the land of good fortune, in thy happy country,

Are thy father and thy mother of whom to ask counsel.

Thou hast these three children to whom to give thy care.

Thou wilt have slaves and slave-women to do the toils of living.

Thou wilt have companions in harmony with thy soul.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

On carpets of *pantse*¹ and lotus,
If thou art hungry, thou wilt eat of exquisite
foods,

If thou art thirsty, nectar will flow unendingly.

If boredom overtakes thee, thou wilt have
songs and dances.

Whereas on Mount Arid Hachan,

There are but the fruits of the earth for
hunger,

And there is but the water of the springs for
thirst.

There are but the leaves of trees for clothing,
And the grass for lying down.

As companions in sorrow, one hath but birds
and wild beasts.

By day there are no men, by night there is a
crowd of phantoms.

It is the abode of terror.

Day and night, snow and rain fall con-
tinuously.

It is not a land where thou canst live.

Await me in the palace and I will soon
return."

Thus did he speak.

Then Mendezanmo, taking his hand, said :

" If thou dost not take me away with thee,

This very day Zanmo will die.

Apart from thee, in whom place my trust ?

Do not that, but take me away."

Thus did she speak.

¹ Sanskrit (?) word : five-coloured garment with which the gods and goddesses are clothed.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

And the king's son said :

“Zanmo, hear me.

I love giving charity.

To him who asked me for them, I would
give my sons and my little daughter.

To him who desired it, I would give my life.

To stop me from giving you in charity,

Mother and children, stay here.”

Thus did he speak.

And Zanmo implored.

“Great son of the king, hear me.

Take me to help thee give charity.

For if thou givest me as well as my children,

To thy will will I submit.

Speak not thus, but take me by the hand.”

Thus did she speak.

Then the king's son having consented to
take Zanmo and his children away,

He went into the presence of his mother
Virtuous and Good, and, having prostrated
himself, he said :

“O mother of the blessed of the past, of
the present and of the future,

Endowed with the four infinite attributes
and the ten transcendental virtues,

Mother of the perfect fruit which crowneth
our needs,

O my mother, hear me.

I have given to an enemy the Jewel which
doth realize desires.

My father, filled with wrath, hath punished
me.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

To the mountain of the demons Arid Hachan,
For twelve years, I go in exile.

During that time, may no misfortune happen
to my mother's long life.

And if I do not die,

Let us pray that mother and son soon may be
reunited."

Thus did he pray.

And the mother, bereft of consciousness,
swooned.

After a moment, having regained her senses,
And seizing her son's hand, she said, her
eyes filled with tears :

"O my Tchimekundan,

Before all I am the mother who bare thee.

Thou who art as mine own heart, after having
left me.

Is it possible that thou dost leave for a
terrible mountain?

If thou goest to Mount Hachan for twelve
years,

For twelve years shall I not be able to live.

Apart from thee, to whom shall I trust my
thoughts?

I am old and thou dost leave me, alas!

Of what does thy father think?

When he had no son, his sorrow was in-
conceivable.

Through offering sacrifices of great price to
Heaven,

As a fruit of the alms he gave on earth,
I had a remarkable son.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Seeing that he is the hope of all men,
Why banish him to a distant land?
Better had it been that he was not born.
Before his birth, he was desired ;
Now that he hath been born, he is punished
and driven away.

Is not the king possessed by a demon ? ”

Thus did she speak.

Then the son said :

“ My mother, do not weep.

For all the beings of the three worlds,

The law is that that which is joined shall be
sundered,

My mother cherisheth me in her heart,

I was born of her flesh and her blood.

When I return at the end of my punishment,

We shall be united again in this life.

If we be not united again in this life,

May we be so in the pure abode of the
beyond ! ”

Thus did he pray.

And the mother, lifting her son's hand to her
brow, wept a great while.

And the son also, showing his affection,
wept a great while.

Then the mother thinking that it was not
glorious to weep when her son was about to
set forth on a long road,

She dried her tears, and having prostrated
herself towards the gods of the ten directions,

She said this prayer :

“ Buddhas, Arhats and Bodhisattwas,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The four potent Protectors of the world,
All the gods of the riches which go into
space,

All ye, hear me!

When my son is on his way,

Lead him by paths free from danger.

While he swiftly crosseth mountains and
plains,

Let him not be exhausted with sorrow and
weariness.

When he dwelleth on Mount Hachan of the
demons,

Let him find a divine house.

When he eateth the frozen fruits of the earth,

Let them be changed into exquisite foods
and nectar.

When he draweth water to slake his thirst,

Let it be changed into a never-failing stream
of milk.

When he dresseth himself with leaves and
lieth down on the moss,

Let these be *pantse*li and lotus.

When the fierce beasts utter their terrible
roars,

Let his ear hear a whisper of prayers.

Let the clamour of the torrents in the deep
valleys

Become a whispered *Om mani padme houn*.

When the heat burneth him at the bottom
of the passes,

Let the daughters of the gods come to make
shade for him.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

When he liveth on the deserted mountain
filled with terrors,

Let the Buddhas come to console him.

Lastly, in all places,

Let him not suffer from sorrow, but taste
immeasurable joy.

Let his misfortunes come to an end and let
good fortune crown him.

Let his spirit shoot forth even as the boughs
of the tree of desires.

I have prayed sincerely in my heart

That we, mother and son, soon may be
reunited."

Thus did she pray.

Then the king's son, his wife and his children,
set out for Mount Hachan of the demons.

The king's son with two horses to draw his
chariot,

The mother and the children having also a
chariot and two horses,

Three elephants bearing provisions for the
way,

Advanced on the road.

Then the fifteen hundred wives following
Zanmo,

The sixty little kings following the king
Zampo,

The three thousand ministers following
Daouazanpo,

All the court of servitors following the first
servitor *Magnificent*, making sound of lamen-
tation, accompanied to a great distance.

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When they had crossed many of the mountains and plains,

The king's son said to them :

“ My mother and ye, O wives,

Virtuous kings and ye, ministers,

Subjects and servitors following *Magnificent*,

It is well that ye accompanied me with love for a great distance,

Crossing mountains and plains.

This separation after harmonious union,

Is proof that what is composed of several parts is not durable.

In my mind that is certain.

Return now to your country.

In accordance with the religion of your country,

And because ye will die, give your life in charity.

For that reason have confidence in the three Ratnas,

And reflect that your lama blesses you.

Honour the protecting gods who traverse space and banish danger.

In twelve years, if I be safe and sound,

Let us pray that I may return to my fatherland and that we may be reunited anew ;

That if we do not meet each other in this life,

We may find each other again in the blessed land of the beyond.”

Thus did he speak.

Then all those present, making a sound of

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lamentation and prostrating themselves, went back home.

And Gedanzanmo, the mother, lifting her son's hand to her brow, said :

“O my Tchrimekundan,

Once upon a time thou wert mine own heart in my breast, luckless woman that I am,

It is my heart torn out which goes into exile on a terrible mountain.

To-day am I separated from my heart.

At this moment the sun which warmed me doth sink and disappear.

Henceforth to whom trust my thoughts?

The king hath heeded the ministers' evil counsels.

That is why he hath dared order this loathsome punishment.

Now my well-beloved son, go.

Be not afflicted for one single instant.

I give thee an eternal love.

Maybe we shall be reunited anew in this life.

If we do not see each other again here below,

May we find each other again on the holy road of the beyond !”

She spake, and weeping turned back home.

Then the king's son and his spouse, having reached the summit of a hill, looked back, and saw the crowd of men and women who were already far away.

As Tchrimekundan and his spouse were

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going on their road, behold there come three beggars, who ask alms of them.

The king's son, filled with joy, said to them :

"The precious elephants are good for travelling,

They are from the land of inestimable wealth.

And they are dear to me.

Have no more care, Brahmins,

I give you them in charity."

Having spoken, he gave.

As he was setting off again, five beggars asking charity arrived.

Rejoicing, the king's son gave the horses which were drawing the chariots.

Then the king's son, setting forth again on the road, walked ahead.

The children came after him.

And Mendezanmo, carrying a small bundle of food, followed behind.

On the way they reached the verdant land of *Neousing* (Prairie), where were many flowers,

A high mountain of which the soil was untrodden,

A pleasant river, some wild beasts and some birds which disported.

The father, the mother and the children rested themselves in this place beneath the shade of a palm-tree.

However, Mendezanmo having gone down to the river,

And having drunk a little water, she looked about her, and seeing there were no men, but

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wild beasts which disported, her soul was filled with disquiet.

And she spake thus :

“ Alas, as far as eye can reach,

There are no men whose company pleaseth the soul,

But wild beasts that disport, the sight of which filleth the heart with disquiet.

If one hath but water wherewith to quench one's thirst,

A hoard of riches rendereth no service.

I did not think it would be like this.

Such is the disastrous destiny produced by former existences.”

Thus did she speak.

There came to the mind of the king's son :

“ Zanmo is troubled because of this desert land.

I am commanded to go still further, where the danger of the road and of fierce beasts will be great ; she must go back home.”

Thinking thus, he said :

“ Mendezanmo, hear me.

I have still a long way to go.

On the mountains and in the plains there will be numberless trials.

And fearsome wild beasts.

In addition, the land will not be proper for thee to dwell in.

Is it not good that thou shouldst now return ? ”

Thus did he speak.

And Zanmo, having prostrated herself :

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“O great king, hear me.

The words I have spoken were thoughtless.

To whom trust myself if not to thee?

How should I dare part from thee?

Lead me without hesitation wherever thou goest.”

Thus did she speak and they set off.

In the verdant land of Neousing they rested themselves.

Then Mendezanmo was filled with sorrow, and so that the king's son might not hear her she said very softly :

“This prairie land hath changed the colour of our clothes.

There are no men, but the bees sing and dance at play,

And the songs of all kinds of birds resound.

Wherever I look, I see matter for sorrow.

While we go into exile.

Does the kingdom of Bheta prosper?”¹

She spake, and they set off again.

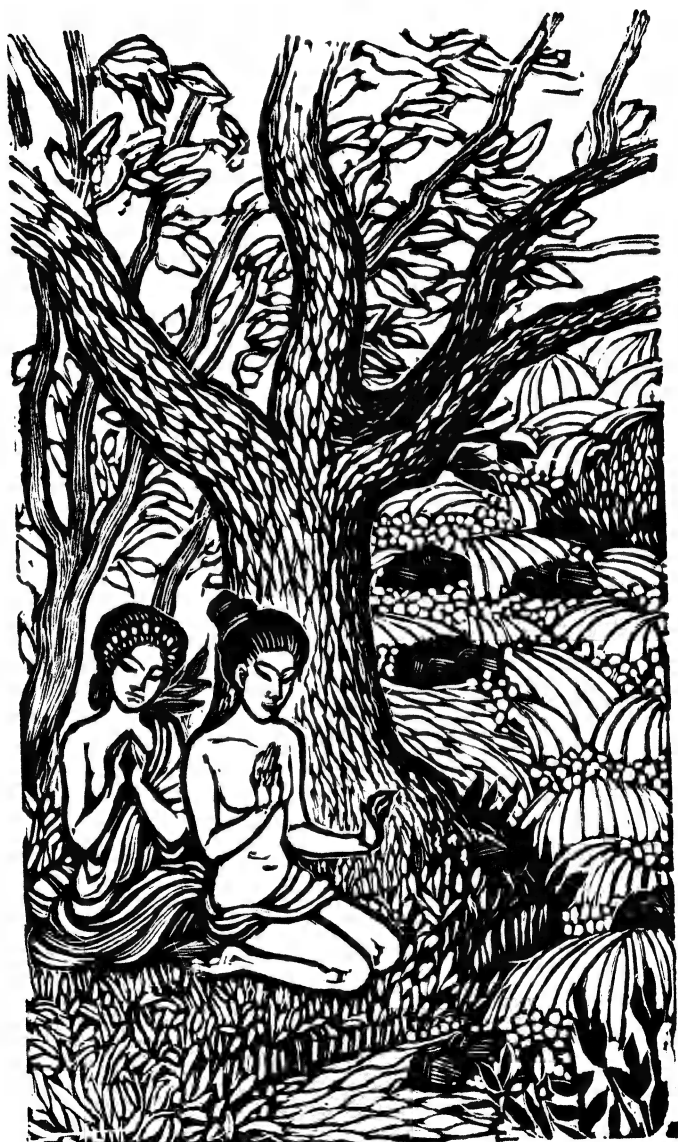
On a high mountain pleasing to the soul, the grass stretching out unbroken, fruit abounding and wild beasts frolicking,

Zanmo said :

“Great son of the king, hear me.

Here is a pleasant country decked with bright flowers,

¹ The Tibetans are not nature-lovers like the Chinese. They still have to fight too much against an austere and wild nature not to prefer the comfort of inhabited places to the contemplation of nature.



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A torrent of which the water is pure and
the whispering sweet,

Fruit doth abound and wild beasts which
sing and dance as they frolic.

Is not this a perfect place to dwell in?"

Thus did she speak.

The king's son answered :

"The order my father gave me as punishment
Is not to stay here, but to go to Mount
Hachan."

Thus did he speak, and they set off again.

But the three children, tired with walking,
stayed behind.

Then the king's son uttered this prayer :

"Protecting Gods, who move in space, be
compassionate.

Potent Gods, protectors of my country,

Hear my prayer and come to my aid.

I have to walk swiftly.

My legs are able to walk.

But these young children cannot walk any
further.

Let the mountain of the demons come
near!"

He spake, and the mountain came five
leagues nearer.

Having set off again, they reached the land
called *Forest Stirred by the Wind*;

From there they came to the *Garden of
Multicoloured Lotus*;

From there they came to the *Garden of
Immaculate Lotus*.

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And there, the enraptured lotus were smiling.
Mendezanmo said to them :

“Ye who are born of the water and whom
the water toucheth not,

Ye smile with joy, lotus that are adorned
with stamens.

With your stamens joined like hands above
your heads, ye give greeting,

Then, having risen, ye wave your stalks and
dance a dance.”

After this, having set off again, they reached
the *Continent of Copper Light of Glory*.

There, came unexpectedly three poor Brahmins who, having prostrated themselves, asked charity of the king's son.

The king's son said to them :

“Be welcome. But I have nothing to give.
What should I give?”

The Brahmins answered :

“Give us thy three children.”

The king's son said to them :

“These children are little and will not be
able to serve you :

Does it not move you to compassion to part
them from their mother?”

The Brahmins answered straightway :

“There is no question of killing them for
we are compassionate.

But let them be entrusted to us as servants.”

The king's son thought :

“I have made a vow to give everything that
is asked of me ; I must give.

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But Mendezanmo is anxious and will make difficulties."

Thinking thus, he said:

"Zanmo, go seek some forest fruits for these travellers."

And Zanmo went to seek some fruits.

By the grace of Fortune and not by the act of man, no fruits were fallen near, and she had to go far.

So that the king's son, taking his three children by the hand, said these words to them:

"Ye three who are called *Virtuous, Good and Noble, Good and Beautiful,*

Our life in common is to-day finished for a long time.

The day is come to part after sweet union.

That is the proof that union doth not endure,
My love for you is not less.

All the beings of the six classes

Are united, then separated, O my children!

Hold your father dear no longer, think no more of your mother.

Go to satisfy the Brahmins' desire.

A time will come when parents and children again will be united."

He spake and gave his children.

And the Brahmins, having seized them, carried them away.

Then the children, looking to see if their mother perchance were not returning, dragged behind. That is why the Brahmins bound them to a tree and, lifting their clothes, struck

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them with thorns. The king's son covering his head so as not to see, wept. The children cried: *Ama! Ama!* weeping.

Then *Virtuous* spake as follows:

"First let us salute our father.

Father and king, for a great cause

Thou wilt give us.

We will depart according to thine order.

But I suffer in my heart not to have embraced my mother who is filled with indulgence and mercy.

But to grieve serves no purpose, my father and my mother, be happy!"

Having spoken, he wept.

Then *Good and Noble* spake:

"My father hath made a vow to give all that is desired.

If he had refused he would have broken his oath.

To satisfy his wish I will depart.

But before departing, I have not embraced my mother, and I suffer in my heart.

Shall we not see each other again in this life?

If we are not reunited here below,

May we find each other again in the land of the beyond!"

Having spoken, he wept.

Then *Good and Beautiful* spake:

"And my body is beautiful even as a peacock's feathers.

Father and mother, who are two protecting trees,

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Ye wish me to follow two Brahmins of evil breed as a slave.

If that is my father's will, I will depart.

But my mother who tended me with her hands and fed me with her milk,

I have not kissed her and my heart suffereth.

If we see not each other again in this life,

May we find each other again in the beyond !”

Having spoken, she wept.

And their father, shedding tears, spake these words :

“ O my children, ye are mine own heart in my bosom,

My grief is to be parted from my heart.

Seeing that this gift is according to religion,

Be magnanimous and weep not.

Saints, Gods and Jewels, who are compassionate,

While these children are on the road,

Dispose that they meet not with sudden ill or accident !

By virtue of these sincere words which I have said,

Dispose that parents and children be soon reunited !”

Thus did he speak.

And the three children were led away by the Brahmins.

After having journeyed a long distance, they separated to be led away each towards a different country.

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Meanwhile Mendezanmo, having gathered some fruits of the forest, returned.

And as the children and the Brahmins were no longer before the king's son, she thought :

"He hath given our children to the Brahmins."

And coming to be certain of it, she fell on the ground and sent forth these cries of anguish :

"My children were resplendent as the light of the day,

And now, the clouds having gathered,

The evil hail hath crushed my young harvest.

Saints, protecting gods, who inhabit space and have strength,

Household gods of my country, who are clothed in power,

This hath come to pass in a moment, like an ephemeral thing.

Ah! why have ye scattered my children with this haste?

These three children belonged to my heart in my bosom ;

And without they are dead, I shall never see them more.

Cursed, thou and the Brahmins, may ye be answerable

For the anguish of the mother and the children."

Having spoken thus, she swooned with sorrow.

Then the king's son thought :

"I am touched with pity for her."

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And he poured some water on her breasts
and she regained her senses.

Then he said :

“Hast thou forgotten mine oath?

When we left Bheta for the mountain of the
demons.

Did I not tell it to thee?

Did I not say that I loved to give alms,

That to him who should ask them of me, I
would give my children and their mother?

And thou didst reply that thou wouldst not
offer obstacles to my charity.

But thou wouldst aid me to attain together
to holiness.

And having made this promise, we set off
straightway.

But, seeing that now thou art stricken,

That I must go further on over numerous
mountains and plains,

And that thou alone art left for me to love,

Thy grief troubles my heart.”

Having spoken, he shed tears.

Then Mendezanmo wiped his tears and she
said :

“Great son of the king, pardon me.

Before they went away, I did not kiss my
children.

It is for that that I wept for love.

I did not wish to trouble thy heart.

My three beautiful children who are to me
as my heart,

The Brahmins have scattered them.

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When I think of it, my soul is filled with sorrow.

Never more will I raise obstacles to thy words.
I will fulfil thy desires.

Now let us go. I will walk first."

She spake, and they set off again.

Filled with sorrow, they reached a forest rich with fruit.

Zanmo plucked some and offered it to the king's son.

And the king's son ate of it.

The fruit had a pleasant flavour.

And the king's son, holding the fruit in his hand, spake :

"These fruits have a pleasant flavour,

They are agreeable to the taste and to eat of them is delightful.

If our children were there, I would give them of them to eat.

But as they are not there, my heart is sore stricken."

Saying which, he looked at Zanmo.

And she wept.

Then he said :

"What word doth not escape from the mouth of the idle ?

When one reflecteth not, no matter what idea cometh to the mind.

But when one reflecteth, is not the image one doth form deceptive ?

That is why, Zanmo, eat also of the fruit."

He spake, and they continued.

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It is recorded that they then came upon a great river,

The extent and depth of which were considerable ;

The king's son uttered this prayer :

" Saints, protecting gods, who inhabit space and who are compassionate,

Household gods of my country, possessors of power,

Indeed ye must help me.

Make a path across this river for us.

If I am stopped by it,

I shall transgress my father's command.

The road towards future holiness is on the other side of this river.

I pray you grant me passage across these waters."

And the water stopped and divided; rising up stream, falling down stream, it left a road free.

Then, it came to the mind of the king's son that, the water forming a lake up stream, would cause great hurt to many creatures, and he said:

" Now, waves, return to your former course."

He spake, and the water followed its ordinary path.

Then, having set off again, they reached the land called *Pass Stirred by the Wind*.

Indra, the king of the gods

Took the form of two Brahmins,

Wishing to test if Tchrimekundan's charity were feigned,

Or if it were sincere.

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Having come to him, they asked charity of him.

But he thought: "In this place, what man could come, if he did not hide a supernatural being?"

Then he said:

"Whence come ye? I have nothing to give. What shall I give ye?"

The Brahmins answered:

"We are from the land of *Down-there*.

We have neither wife nor slaves and we are miserable.

Give us thy spouse."

The king's son thought:

"If I give not Zanmo, my previous charity hath sense no longer.

If I give her, now that together we have come so far, the separation will crush her with grief."

Then, thinking wrongly that he should give her, he said to Mendezanmo:

"O Mendezanmo, charmer of my heart,

It is as a reward for all previous existences that we have acquired the human state.

Because of religion, I am going to give thee.

The essence of the doctrine is the giving of riches.

But because of our long union, my soul is fearful.

This time, Zanmo, if thou goest not,
My charity will be finished.

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And it is certain thou wilt not obtain happiness in the beyond.

Go to satisfy the desires of the Brahmins."

And then Zanmo said :

"If thou dost give me to the Brahmins, there will be none to follow thee and serve thee. Do not give me."

The king's son answered :

"Zanmo, speak not thus, but hear me.

I have made a vow to give all that is desired.

Raise not obstacles to my charity.

Help me to acquire holiness.

Think not of me and go to serve the Brahmins.

In doing that thou wilt serve me."

Thus did he speak.

Then Zanmo shed tears and consented to depart,

Then the king's son said to the Brahmins :

"Brahmins, hear me.

Mendezanmo hath been the faithful companion of the best time of my life.

She is a girl of royal lineage.

She is skilled in agreeable dishes and of delicious taste.

This Mendezanmo who is beautiful and who charmeth the heart.

Brahmins, I do not want her, take her away."

Thus did he speak.

The two Brahmins led Zanmo away, and, when they had walked an hundred paces,

They came back and, saluting the king's son, they said to him :

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"It was a pretence, O king, who hast rule over mankind,

O miracle! Thy works have given a meaning to life.

O truly charitable, noble and great king who hast rule over mankind.

Thou hadst the strength to give thine own body.

We salute thee, omnipotent son of the king."

They spake these praises.

And the king's son answered:

"When I have once given, I do not take back.

Therefore take her away."

Then the two Brahmins showing themselves in the form of gods:

"Great son of the king, we wished to test the truth of thy love.

We do not desire thy noble spouse."

They spake, and the king of the gods lifted his eyes to heaven.

And immediately, the assembly of the gods having ordered it, the desert changed into a vast encampment of nomads.

And the people came to do homage to the king's son and to his spouse.

Then Indra, who hath rule over the gods and mankind, prostrated himself and said:

"O thou who hast rule over the gods and mankind, and thou, noble princess,

Disdaining this life, ye accomplish your works with your eyes on the beyond.

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Buddhas whom nothing in the way of deliverance surpasses,

Prodigious torches which illumine the universe,

O saints, before whom I prostrate myself,

O ye who have no equals in the world, be happy!"

Thus did he speak.

Then the king's son and his spouse, having reached a little mountain, looked back.

And the encampment of nomads, like the rainbow which vanisheth, little by little faded away.

As they were setting off again, they met a white child who held a chaplet of white pearls.

And the child said to them :

"Great son of the king, when thou comest to a place about a league from here, the god Brahma will appear in human form and he will create a great city. And there he will nourish thee for seven days."

Then the king's son and his spouse set forth again.

And the god Brahma having taken the form of a dwarf, he said to them :

"Great king, be pleased to rest thyself in this place.

I offer thee enjoyment of my abode,

Of my slaves and servitors, men and women.

Abandon the punishment thy father hath inflicted on thee.

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The mountain of the demons is an evil country.

There are malevolent phantoms and ferocious beasts.

It is impossible to brave them, and on hearing them one is seized with terror.

The land there is rugged, the mountain is black and terror dwelleth therein.

King's son, go not to the mountain of the demons."

Thus did he speak.

The king's son answered :

"The treasure of merits garnered during my previous existences is inexhaustible.

Thou believest in the works of pure virtue.

That is why thou dost receive me with honour.

If I cede to the ardent desire,

The work of my virtue will not be aggrandized, but shattered.

Above all, the order my father gave me,

If I transgress it, I shall break mine oath.

That is why I must depart now."

He spake and departed.

And the city, like steam on a mirror, faded away.

Then the king's son said: "Behold my prayers to the Ratnas have borne fruit."

While they were still walking, they came into a dark and dense forest, which shadow filled with sadness, and they knew not whither to go.

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When they met a hermit, whose hair was
bound to the top of his head,
Whose beard and eyebrows were brown,
And who brandished a drum of skulls and
a trumpet made of a femur.

He said to them :

“ Bold man, who art thou ?

And what is thy country ?

Where wilt thou go ?

What is thy name ?

Five leagues from here is Mount Hachan
of the demons, in the rugged and savage
valleys.

A pebble big as a grain of salt throws a
shadow long as a tall pine.

Venomous plants abound there.

The lakes boil with poisoned waves,

And venomous snakes breathe black breath,
thick as foam.

Malevolent phantoms, assembled by day as
by night, will kill thee.

In addition, there are fierce beasts, lions,
tigers, monkeys and bears.

And these fierce beasts, if they smell the
scent of man, grow furious and will devour thee.

To have a glimpse of them merely is terrible.
It is the land of terror.

And before reaching it, the road is full of
dangers and inconceivable ordeals.”

He spake, and the king's son answered :

“ I am the king's son, called Tchrimekundan.

I come from the land of Bheta.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

And I am going to Mount Hachan of the demons."

Thus did he speak.

The hermit said :

"O king's son, called Tchimekundan, I have heard tell formerly that thou didst give the whole kingdom in charity.

And now I see thee ; that is a great happiness for me.

A league from here is the river *Kara*.

If one continueth, leaving it on the right,

There is a path secret to the wild beasts ; that is the proper one for thee to follow.

May we find each other again in the life of the beyond !"

Having spoken, he disappeared.

When they had set off again, in a great forest bereft of sunlight, the malevolent phantoms were visible in full daylight and the fierce beasts flocking together uttered terrible roars.

And the poisoned water resounded, with a great bubbling.

Then Zanmo, seized with fear, spake thus :

"What ! What is this land then

Where one sees phantoms by daylight ?

They perform marvels and transformations.

It is like the city of the god of death and demons.

I see tigers, ferocious lions

And greedy orang-outangs that bare their teeth.

And I am frightened by the water with its boiling waves.

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And as there is no longer time to avoid them,

We are thrown into the presence of the impermanence of our life.¹

Saints, gods and precious Ratnas,

Guide both of us!"

Thus did she speak.

And the king's son thought in his heart :

"Zanmo is frightened." Then he said :

"Phantoms, treacherous Spirits and Sirens, *Kimñaras* who are the potent masters of the earth,

Tigers, lions, wild dogs, wolves,

Orang-outangs and fierce beasts,

Be heedful a moment and hear me.

If it be I whom ye regard,

Spare neither my body nor my life.

But for the sake of Mendezanmo's happiness,

Be not malevolent and do no violence.

But be magnanimous.

Dwell with a heart appeased."

Thus did he speak.

And all the malevolent demons, become inoffensive, dwelt with their hearts appeased.

And the fierce beasts, become inoffensive and wagging their tails like dogs which recognize, came before him.

And the birds, making sound of harmonious songs, flew to meet him.

Then having set off again, they reached the great mountain of the demons.

¹ That is : "We are going to die."

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The mountain and the upper part of the valley were white with eternal snow.

At the bottom of the valley the sides of the mountains were red, and in the middle a torrent fell.

Hardly had the king's son reached this place than the withered trees grew green again.

And the dried-up streams gushed forth.

Then the gods who inhabited the mountain, and the treacherous sirens who feed on perfumes ;

And the vampires who feed on flesh, and the spectres ;

And the Kimñaras who fly in space and feed on perfumes ;

The tigers and the panthers ;

The bears, the wild wolves, the jackals and all the other fierce beasts ;

The elephants and the buffaloes ;

The big animals followed by their herds ;

The cranes, the wild geese and the yellow ducks ;

The peacocks, at the head of all the birds ;

And besides, all the living beings that people this mountain, having assembled in their species, Came to meet them.

Then, having looked at the mountain,

The king's son saw on the south side

The sun rise, climb, then descend and die.¹

No noise troubled this spot.

A stream of pure water flowed.

¹ Which amounts to saying that the valley was so set that the sun gave on to it at all hours of the day.

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A multitude of birds gave themselves up to love.

Also were there fruits.

And the earth being pure, many flowers were born.

This country being luminous and pleasing to the soul, the king's son made two huts of leaves.

And plunged in meditation he dwelt there.

Zanmo, having long rested some distance away, went from time to time to gather fruits, and she offered them to the king's son.

After a long time had passed away, Zanmo went into the presence of the king's son and said to him :

“ O thou who art young, benevolent, pure and filled with wisdom,

Tchrimekundan, hear me.

Eleven years have passed by in this country.

Six months for coming and six months for returning.

When we reach our own country, twelve years will have passed.

We will go slowly. Is not that proper ? ”

Thus did she speak.

The king's son answered :

“ Zanmo, listen to me attentively an instant.

The prophecy is that in this wild forest,

Far from the noise which disquieteth inharmoniously,

In this spot propitious to the joys of meditation,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

I shall dwell and increase in holiness."

Having spoken, he remained in contemplation.

Then Zanmo having gone to pluck some fruits in a certain part of the forest ;

In this forest, having encountered a parrot clad in ravishing plumage and skilled in speech,

She said to it :

"O bird, clad in ravishing plumage and skilled in speech,

Who charimest the heart and art worthy of respect,

With the neck rich in colour and with the red beak,

When we reached this desert mountain, abode of the demons,

There was not the least palatable food ;

I sought fruits in the middle of the forest.

Thou that dost understand the language one speaketh to winged creatures,

I pray thee show me, noble bird,

Where there is much fruit."

Thus did she speak.

And the bird, at the top of the tree, beat its wings three times and said :

"O Zanmo, still quite young,

With the gentle colouring and the sweet odour,

Pleasing to the soul and endowed with all desirable things,

Thy face is like the full moon.

My heart, attracted by thee, sinketh into the ocean.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Charming goddess of the shrill laugh,
I will show thee where the fruits are that
thou desirest."

Having spoken, he led Zanmo,
And perched on a tree,
He made a quantity of fruit to fall.
Zanmo delighted rejoiced thereat and said :
"Supernatural bird that fliest everywhere,
I am delighted with these fruits.
Always love well the birds of thy race,
And I will return soon."

Thus did she speak.

Then the parrot came down from the tree.

After having accompanied Zanmo eighty
paces, it said to her :

"O virtuous, beautiful girl, with the charm-
ing mien,

Goddess' body of which the beauty toucheth
my heart,

Thou whose smile is sweet as the blue lotus,
go in peace.

If we do not see each other again in this life,
may we find each other again in the land of the
beyond!"

Thus did he speak and flew away.

Zanmo having set off again, she found in the
path a fearful torrent which flowed resounding.

Zanmo thought :

"This river may possibly flow towards the
land of Bheta

And encounter my children!"

Then she said to the river :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

“Noble river, whose waters are clad with white silk,

Nectar which appeaseth hunger and thirst,
Never-failing stream that bestoweth coolness,

Thou whose harmonious voice goeth to the heart.

On the distant banks where thy course leadeth thee,

May thou meet my children !

If thou dost meet them, bear them this news :

Their father and their mother are well.

Mayst no sickness or accident come into

Their lives of noble, pretty and charming children.

For long have they been divided from their parents.

For long have they been sad

And overwhelmed by the sorrow of being parted.

That alone causeth me unspeakable pain.

When twelve years have passed by,

The children will be restored to their father and mother.”

Having spoken thus, she went away.

Later, the three children being at the edge of the river to gather wood,

The river gave them news of their parents.¹

And the children, remembering their father and their mother, called to them and wept.

¹ On the stage Mendezanmo throws some flowers in the torrent that it may bear them to her children.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Then the beautiful little girl having climbed
to the top of a mountain peak,

Out of space came a nightingale with the
harmonious song.

The pretty little girl, growing sad, thought :

“ Maybe he goeth toward the mountain of
the demons !

Maybe he will meet my father and my mother ! ”

And she said :

“ O bird who fliest in the air and who singest
for joy,

Nightingale with the cooing agreeable to the ear,

My heart is sad to hear the song of the
nightingale.

O great bird, stop.

To me who am in trouble, be generous a
moment.

Great bird, goest thou towards the mountain
of the demons ?

Great bird, on thy road,

Say thou this to my father and to my mother :

Are my father and my mother well and happy ?

We children have neither sudden ill nor
accident.

Through the sorrow of being divided from our
parents,

The days and nights are endless.

Let them have pity on us three.

We have learned the news that we shall find
each other again,

If they have the power to rejoin us,

Let them hear our plea and come quickly. ”

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

And the bird bore this news.

When he had borne this news to the mountain
of the demons,

The father and the mother, suffering in their
hearts, shed many tears,

And their tears formed a great lake,

And the stalk of a lotus sprang out of it,

And this stalk bore a thousand flowers,

And each flower gave birth to a thousand
Buddhas.

And these Buddhas had the countenances of
the Great Compassionate.

Then the father and the mother, having prostrated themselves, went round the lake and stayed in prayer.

Later, Mendezanmo, in memory of her children,

Prostrated herself before the king's son and said to him :

" O king, endowed with intelligence, hear me.

In this land twelve years have passed by,

Six months to go and six months to return,

That maketh thirteen years exceeding our
father's command.

I pray thee, let us return to our fatherland.

Our three children, the likenesses of our
heart,

Remember their mother and also their fatherland.

Consider my love for them and let us depart."

Thus did she speak and the king's son thought
to himself :

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

“Behold Zanmo really troubled and I am compassionate.”

“Zanmo, weep not, but let us depart.”

He spake, and rising departed.

Then the gods, the sirens and the spirits of the mountain which dwelt in this place,

The crowd of wild beasts and birds assembled,

Each in his tongue, bade them stay,

And, shedding tears, they suffered great grief.

Then the king's son had pity on them

And, making an appeasing gesture, he said to them :

“Demons and Spirits of the mountains who feed on perfumes,

And you, corporeal creatures,

For a long time have ye been conscious of a father and a mother

And love akin to family love.

To-day is the end of our long friendship.

Is not this the proof that what is composed of many parts is not eternal?

All ye, give yourselves to religion.

Do no harm the one to the other.

Dwell in peace, friends of the same family.

If we do not meet each other again in this life, may we find each other again in the beyond!”

Having thus spoken, they departed.

And all the beasts, sore stricken, wept :

And after accompanying the father and the mother a long distance, they went back home.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The father and the mother having set off again, reached the land called *Land of the Luminous Wind*.

And there a blind Brahmin came unexpectedly who, stretching out his arms, asked charity.

The king's son said these words :

"I am happy thou art come, but having nothing to give, what shall I give thee?"

The Brahmin answered :

"Give me thine eyes."

Then the king's son, filled with joy,

Seated himself on the ground and thought what would be the fulfilment of his vow of charity, then he said :

"Lovable Zanmo, hear me.

See, the fulfilment of my vow of charity has come ;

Repress movements of passion.

Since all time we are reborn in vain.

This time let us do the efficacious deed."

Thus did he speak.

Then with his right hand he seized a sharp knife,

And, his eyelid in his left hand,

He drove the blade ; and the blood flowed.

Then Mendezanmo uttered a great cry of pain.

And, not being able to bear that, she stopped his arm and wept.

But Tchimekundan said to her :

"Zanmo, act not thus.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

For to act thus is not friendly, but hostile,
And would hinder our finding each other
again in the ages to come.

Remain quiet so as not to make an obstacle
to my charity."

He spake and, driving in the knife again, he
tore out his two eyes.

Then Mendezanmo, bereft of consciousness,
fell on the ground.

And the king's son holding his two eyes in
the palms of his hands,

He put them in the Brahmin's sockets.

Then he said :

"O good Brahmin, hear me well.

I have given thee mine eyes so difficult to
give in charity.

Thy desire being realized, see the three
worlds.

May I without sickness have the eyes of
religion and may they, dispersing the shadows
of ignorance, illumine Paradise!

May that be the end of my charity!"

Thus did he speak,

And he stayed motionless.

Then the Brahmin, coming to see all things,

Prostrated himself and said to the king's
son :

"I return thanks to thee, noble son of the
king,

O compassionate, who grantest all desires.

Splendid light of the sun illumining the
world,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

O king who wouldst surpass three thousand
of them,

To all creatures art thou benevolent
And thou healest me of my ills.

I prostrate myself before the king full of
thanks."

Having spoken thus, he returned to Bheta.

Then all the inhabitants of the city, being
assembled,

Asked him : "How hast thou eyes?"

The Brahmin answered :

"I begged them.

The eyes I have are those of king Tchrim-
kundan."

At this moment, the king and the queen
Virtuous and Good,

And all the court of servitors were filled
with admiration.

And the minister Daouazanpo with a court
of servitors was sent to meet Tchrimkundan.

After a long moment Mendezanmo, regain-
ing her senses, waked,

And having risen, she looked at the king's
son.

His face and the front of his garment were
covered with blood, and he stayed motionless.

Then Mendezanmo wept and said these
words :

"Alas ! We stayed twelve years on a terrible
mountain.

We returned at last to our fatherland.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

I thought to live happily in the midst of my kindred. And I was already filled with joy.

These misfortunes are useless, alas!
Of what good was so much trouble?"

Thus lamenting, she shed many tears.

The king's son said to her :

"Zanmo, grieve not, but pray.

After a succession of transmigrations without beginning or end,

And in the course of our present life,

All our previous acts were vain.

To-day, to reach the goal of a great cause,

Zanmo, grieve not,

But in order to walk, show me merely the road."

Thus did he speak.

And Zanmo having taken his hand, they set off again.

And they reached *Du wa Hari* and, as they were resting themselves there,

The minister Daouazanpo with his followers arrived.

Prostrating himself and joining the palms of his hands, he said these words :

"Alas, lovable and noble Tchimekundan !

It is marvellous and glorious

That thou hast had so many misfortunes.

And we, ministers and subjects,

That thou mayest protect us,

Beg thee to come to the land of Bheta."

Having spoken thus, he wept abundantly.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Then the king's son, placing his hands on Daouazanpo's head, spake as follows :

" Daouazanpo and the court of servitors, have ye all come ?

I am not dead but in health.

Doth the kingdom of Bheta still prosper ?

Are my father and mother in health ?

Let us go, to accede to thy request."

Thus did he speak.

Then Daouazanpo and Mendezanmo taking him each by the hand, they set forth.

On the road, they stopped to rest themselves.

And the king's son said this prayer :

" Buddhas of the ten directions, hear me.

To drive away Mendezanmo's grief

And to rejoice Daouazanpo's heart,

Give me back mine eyes more limpid even than they were before."

He spake, and immediately two eyes came to him, more limpid than those he had before.

Having set off again, they reached the land called *Abode where the Soul is Glorified*.

And there the king Potent Wooden Throne of the *Confines of the Sandy Desert*

Invited Tchimekundan and his spouse,

Offering them presents and homage.

And the Jewel which doth realize desires,

With precious stones in inconceivable number.

And he said :

" O king, thou art gone a long time on the mountain of the demons, and that through my fault.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

That thou mayest pardon me and that I
may atone,

I offer thee my kingdom and my subjects.

Thus may I be delivered from trans-
migration!"

Having spoken thus, he prostrated himself
and walked round the king several times.

The king's son accepted,

And thus the enemy equal of his father
became his subject.

When they had set off again, on the way,
their three children were brought back by the
three Brahmins.

These, having prostrated themselves and
having walked round the king, said to him :

"O admirable father and mother, are ye
come ?

We have taken great care of your children.

We return them to you with gratitude."

And speaking thus, they offered the children
to their father and mother.

The king's son answered them :

"When I have once given, I do not take
back.

Therefore take them again,

And may they perform the service ye have
ordered them."

'Then Mendezanmo, prostrating herself, said
to the king's son :

"Great king, hear me.

These three children have issued from my
body.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

For twelve years have they served the Brahmins.

These three children are as rare
As the great lotus *Ou doum wara*¹

They are finely bred and of royal family.

And they have suffered sorrows without number in performing a low service.

I cannot bear that without shedding tears.

What riches will I not give to buy them back?"

Thus did she speak.

The king's son thought: "My heart is touched by her prayer," and he said:

"Ravishing Zanmo, charmer of the heart,
Çakti whom I love, hear me. Zanmo, weep no more.

I will give jewels to buy our children back."

Thus did he speak, then he said to the Brahmins:

"Brahmins, come to my country.

And there will I buy back the children from you!"

He spake, and they set off again.

At last, at the frontier of the kingdom, the sixty viceroys,

The ministers and the court of subjects came to meet him at twelve leagues, and they presented offerings to him.

And the King who protecteth the Earth came at seven leagues with incense.

¹ Miraculous flower. Those who eat of it immediately see the whole universe.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Between the palace of Bheta decked with lotus
And the city *Which Emitteth Light*,
Sunshades, royal insignia,
Standards, fans,
Fly-nets, tents,
Musical instruments,
Cymbals and violins,
And songs and dances, and guitars,
And rattles and little bells,
And shells and flutes,
And great horns like columns,
Resounding throughout the whole city,
Came to meet him.

Then the king and queen, with their three
children and the Brahmins,

Reached the city *Which Emitteth Light*.

The king of this city, called *Who Seeth All*,
Prostrated himself before them and walked
round them,

And he gave them offerings of inconceivable
number.

Then he said these words :

“ Like to a sun disappeared at the setting,
And which from the setting rises anew,
Father and mother of all beings,
Now after going to the distant mountain of
the demons,

Thou hast reached my abode.

Thou art benevolent to all creatures.

And behold we are all freed from sorrow.

Thus, Tchrimekundan who hast realized thy
name,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

I have heard tell that thou didst give in charity

Thine eyes and thine own body.

If such be the case, the king who hath rule over mankind,

Doth not regret the gift of the Jewel to an enemy.

O thou, mighty as a mountain, king who hast rule over mankind,

Of holy and stainless renown,

Govern according to religion

Thy holy palace, Abode of the Soul which Rejoiceth.

And when I go from this life into the beyond,

May I be thy servitor still!

This wish coming from the heart hath a chance to be realized."

Thus did he speak.

Further away, the little kings with their followers came to meet him.

Having prostrated themselves and having walked round the king's son,

The king *Who Possesseth Gold* and the others gave him each a piece of gold.

The ministers *Excellent* and *Reasonable* and the others gave him each a piece of silver.

And the other peoples of the neighbouring lands offered him gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, crystal, coral,

Virgin gold and all sorts of precious stones.

Then, in the city *Of The Glorious and Lovable Flowers*, he met the king his father.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Then Tchrimekundan having prostrated himself with his wife and children,

He seized his father's hand and wept abundantly.

The king said to him :

"It is a happy omen that the father and the son have met each other.

There is no reason for weeping."

He spake. Tchrimekundan and Mendezanmo dried their tears and all sat down.

Then Mendezanmo called her three children, saying :

"Come on my knees, children like unto my heart."

But the three children did not wish to come.

And as the father asked why,

Virtuous answered as follows :

"The fruits fallen from the Tree of Desires

Fall into the sea and are eaten by the Sirens.

Although we are children of a noble and mighty family,

For punishment, we went on a wild mountain.

After a long journey, in a deserted valley,

Our immaculate father gave us to three Brahmins,

Me, *Good and Noble* and *Good and Beautiful*,

Us, brothers and sister born of his body.

Each of us hath been servitor of a Brahmin.

We have eaten polluted food and we have worn mean garments.

By force of misery have we grown stupid.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Our pollution would offend our mother's body.

We cannot go on her knee."

Thus did he speak.

Then the three children were bathed in a precious basin filled with perfumed water,

And they were clad in new clothes.

The Brahmins received five hundred pieces of gold as the price of the eldest, *Virtuous*.

Five hundred pieces of silver as the price of *Good and Noble*.

Three hundred elephants as the price of *Good and Beautiful*.

And the Brahmins, having gathered their provision for the journey, departed for their country.

Then Tchimekundan said to his father :

"O father, who hast rule over mankind, hear me.

In obedience to the orders of the king *Who Protecteth the Earth*,

I have suffered afar off from heat and misery.

The terrible mountain was inhabited by ferocious beasts.

The road was barred by malevolent spirits.

My clothes were made of leaves of trees

And my bed was the grass of the forest.

I had only fruit for food

And cold water to slake my thirst.

My companions were the birds and the wild beasts.

The pain I have suffered

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

On account of terrestrial riches,
May no creature suffer a pain like it !
After taking from my father the Jewel which
doth realize desires,
And by the gift of mine eyes,
May my charity be finished and past !
That by the union of my works and my virtue,
All creatures may reach happiness !
Chiefly that the king my father *Who Pro-*
tecteth the Earth,
That all creatures, subjects and ministers
May be delivered from the darkness of sin !
May we all find each other again in the
beyond !
And that, for the best, the fruit of my
charity be my accession to the Bodhi !"
Thus did he speak.
The king said to his son :
"What thou sayest is certain.
Thou hast been punished without judgment,
And thus wert thou banished to far away.
Ignorance is accompanied by much suffering.
I was guilty of convoking the ministers in
council.
I heard say that when, still young, thou
hadst reached far off,
Thou didst give in charity, with thy children
and thine eyes,
Thy horses, thy chariots and thine elephants
leaving nothing.
Since such is the case, the Jewel which
doth realize desires,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

I do not regret that thou hast given it to an enemy.

Now that I know thy actions,
I believe and I find a great joy in them.

All the punishments which I inflicted on thee formerly,

Thou must pardon me for them.

In expiation of all my faults and injustices,

The ocean of our treasures,

Do as thou wilt with them."

Thus did he speak.

Then taking his son and Mendezanmo by the hand,

And placing the three children in a chariot,

They reached the gate of the palace.

At the gate of the palace the mother *Virtuous and Good*, followed by all the queens bearing incense, came to meet him.

And the king of the gods, Indra, as well as all the gods, made flowers rain down,

And they made cymbals resound.

Then the king's son, his spouse and their children, having prostrated themselves before their mother *Virtuous and Good*, shed many tears.

And the mother said to her son :

"O my stainless son, hear me.

Through the strength of Karma, like to that of the wind.

Thou, thy spouse and thy children,

Ye have been struck by a great misfortune.

Now that ye are free of it, I am happy.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

To-day my ignorance and my sorrow are at an end.

During these twelve years of adversity,
I tore my hair and tears flowed on my breast,
But to-day the water of the Bodhisattwas hath
extinguished this fire.

And my lamentation is finished, O my son."

When she had spoken, everyone returned to the palace.

And the king, the father, said these words :

" Young Tchimekundan,

Accept my crown and my seven treasures.

Chiefly, this Jewel which doth realize desires,

After thou didst give it to an enemy,

By virtue of thy merit, it is given back to us.

And according to the book of omens,

With Jewel at the head, follow the crown

Gold, silver, pearls and all treasures ;

Horses, elephants and buffaloes ;

The sons, the little kings and the ministers ;

All the people and the subjects without exception.

O thou, young and well-beloved, enjoy all these things."

Thus did he speak.

And, decking him with precious ornaments he handed over to him the ministers, the viceroy and the subjects.

Then bidding him mount the sandalwood throne *Kachicha*,

He delivered to him the kingdom and the golden wheel with the thousand spokes.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Then the father said to him :

“ Well-beloved Tchimekundan,

Enjoy my riches as thou wilt.

Protect the sixty viceroys.

Make the royal law bear like a golden yoke,

Set up the religious law like a flag of victory.

Thou must resist the powerful that do evil.

Thou must build temples to holy religion,

And monasteries, abodes of virtue and prayer.

Show a good example to believers.

Subdue the enemies from without by love and gentleness.

To thy parents show smiles and an open heart,

This garland of maxims which thy father giveth thee,

The god Indra taught it to mankind.

To-day, Tchimekundan, I reveal it to thee.

This beautiful and well-woven garland,

Young man, keep it in the centre of thy heart.”

Thus did he speak.

Then he gave into his son's hands

The golden seal, with the mark of Indra's foot,

And the crystal seal with the sign of the infinite.

And the seal of white *Mandheka*.

And he conferred royalty on his son Tchimekundan.

Then, in a radius of forty-five leagues there were rejoicings.

And Tchimekundan governed the kingdom.

His virtue and his merits were such that the

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Law was still more prosperous and potent than formerly.

Then, Tchrimekundan invoking the king of gods, Indra, offered him this prayer.¹

“ This vast kingdom

Is an ocean of transmigration.

If I transgress my father's order,

As well fire the cannon in the air.²

He hath given the kingdom to me, to me the impotent.

His order is unique and explicit.

When I am loaded with this burden,

Bless me that I may realize

Happiness in this life,

Without attracting unhappiness in the other.

In the pure abode of the beyond,

I, my father, my mother and all beings,

May we be Buddhas!

In the impure abode of here below,

May we be absolved from our sins!

Above all, we who have been born

To make observed the religion

Of the king *Who Protecteth the Earth*,

At his feet, all of us, his servitors,

May we respect him and honour him!

And my mother *Virtuous and Good*,

¹ Tchrimekundan's prayer to Indra exists only in the manuscript. It is in verses of seven syllables. Indra's answer comprises seventy-three verses of nine syllables in the manuscript, and fifty-nine verses of seven syllables in the printed version. Up to that point, the printed text is more complete than the manuscript.

² To fire vertically and receive the falling projectile, means to make fall on oneself the misfortune one wishes to avoid oneself or to inflict on others.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

According to the Mahayana,
When she hath left the miseries of this world,
May she be reborn protectress of creatures!
And the viceroys and the queens,
And Daouazanpo and the ministers,
And the subjects and the servitors,
Through the power of my fortune,
Having become Bodhisattwas,
May they attain to the abode of happiness!
And afterwards, being freed from sin,
May they save the world from Transmigration!
And the latter being freed,
May it act always according to religion!"
Thus prayed the king before Indra, the chief
of the gods.

And the chief of the gods heard his prayer.

And he told him these praises with these
prophecies:

"Excellent is thy name and rare is thy
glory.

The banner of renown floateth in the ten
directions.

Vast and of the most immaculate whiteness
is the banner thou dost raise!

Potent Protector of the Earth, be conqueror
in all directions!

From thy birth until to-day,

Thy works are as the ocean,

They make but one substance with religion.

I am going to recall them and praise thee
for them:

When thou wert five years old,

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Thou didst know already astronomy and writing.

When thou didst attain thy tenth year,

Through virtue thou gavest unto charity of all thy treasures.

At last thy father exiled thee on the mountain of the demons,

Where thou didst suffer a terrible suffering.

Laden with this burden, on behalf of all creatures,

Thou didst give thy sons and thy daughter.

When thou didst come to twenty years,

Thine eyes didst thou give to a beggar.

Then were given thee eyes more clear-seeing than the first.

And come to thy fatherland, it is thou who bearest the sceptre.

Thinking that the vast kingdom is but vanity,

Thou wilt give it to all creatures.

Thou wilt pray to be Bodhisattwa.

At last, thy power will be so famous,

That thou wilt be the only lamp for the illumining of the world.

There will be none other sceptre-bearer but thee.

When thou art dead of this life, in the East,

Thou wilt be reborn on the *Potala*,

Under the name of *He Who Groweth Greater in Virtue* and son of *Buddha Who hath Renounced*.

Thou shalt be the saviour of sinning creatures.

And turning the wheel of the law, thou shalt be Buddha.

Thy father *Who Protecteth the Earth*,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

After the revolution of a hundred million
Kalpas is accomplished,

At the Epoch called *Luminous*,
Shall be a Buddha named *Complete and Great*,
And he will spread the Doctrine far.

The queen *Virtuous and Good*,
When she changeth life, in the holy land of
the Taras,

She shall be reborn mistress of the masters
of mankind.

The Queen Mendezanmo,
When she leaveth this life,
She shall be reborn in the land of the *Lion*
of the *Beyond* ;

Hernameshall be *King who Maketh Happiness*.

Thy sons of noble breed, excellent king's sons,
Shall be reborn in the south of India ;

The eldest shall be a king called *Wise* ;

The youngest shall be called *He who Holdeth*
the *Clouds* ;

Thy daughter *Beautiful and Good*, in the
land of *Urgyen*,

Shall be reborn son of the rajah called
Happiness ;

She shall hold the sceptre of royalty

In the great land called *Satasata*.

The minister Daouazanpo,

In the land called *Manen*,

Shall be reborn son of the king called *He*
Who Loveth All Beings.

By the realization of his fortune, Tchime-
kundan,

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

And by the fruit of his virtue,
Hath placed in holiness his father, his mother,
the ministers, the people and his children.

He is born Buddha in the world of men.

Prodigious king,

Be always victorious on the road of the Bodhi!

In thy marvellous lotus garden,

Be as the tree of the fruit of virtue,

Watered with wisdom and understanding!

When it reacheth maturity,

It will bear resplendent flowers.

The purity of their stamens

Doth proclaim thy future happiness.

Thy renown, spread over all the Earth, is
like to the voice of the Dragon.

May thy stainless name be always victorious!

And I, when I have left this god's life for
another,

May I touch thy feet with my forehead!

May I follow in thy footsteps always,

As the shadow linked to thy body!"

Having spoken thus, Indra disappeared.

Then Mendezanmo said to the king's son:

"What is that form agreeable to see and
which hath vanished?"

The king's son answered her:

"Zanmo, give heed unto me.

When the nightingale singeth in a garden of
flowers *Halo*,

The flower forthwith doth fall and fade,

In autumn, the brilliant rose fadeth,

As soon as the sun doth appear.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The beautiful rainbow in space,
After an instant fadeth.
We, father and mother and children,
Who are at this moment united,
In an instant disunited, we shall disappear,
Like the flower *A cha data*.

All action is ephemeral,
Now that we are united,
I am stricken by our sudden separation.
I wish to live an hundred and thirty years on
Earth,

For the sake of all creatures.
My sons who are young,
Take the kingdom and the jewels.
Do so with a pure heart and for the good of
others."

Speaking thus, he delivered the kingdom
unto them.

The two princes married five hundred princesses, having at their head the daughter of king *Happy Glory*, incarnating the goddess *Queen of the Sea*.

There were countless rejoicings for twelve leagues round.

Then King Tchrimékundan and Queen Mendezanmo,

Minister Daouazanpo, the son of minister *Friendship* and the minister *Who Holdeth the Ornaments* went to the high mountain *Sing-gha-la* (Ceylon).

The two princes protected the kingdom as before.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

After five years of terrestrial life,
The king's son, Tchrimekundan, became a
red lotus,

And Mendezanmo a yellow lotus.

Then a great South wind coming from India
carried them off.

The ministers filled with sorrow returned to
their country,

And they said to the two princes :

"Your parents have finished their ordeal of
suffering.

They have both become lotus, the one red,
the other yellow :

A great South wind coming from India hath
carried them off."

The two princes, straightway filled with joy,
Performed funeral ceremonies

And made a thousand and one *Kandjur* and
Tandjur in characters of gold.

The story of the life of Tchrimekundan is
ended.

Be happy !





INDEX

Abode where the Soul is Glorified. Tib.: *Dpal-gvi-bsam-gling*. Pr.: *Palgvi-samling*. Name of country.

Amitayus. Tib.: *Hod-dpag-med*. Pr.: *Üpamé*.

Arid Hachan. Tib.: *Ri-ha-chang-rkem-rkem-sgrog-pa*. Pr.: *Ri hachang kegen tchropa*. Mountain called Arid Hachan. *Vankagiri* in the Pali text.

Bhéta or Bhété. *Sayatura* in the Pali text. Name of town, capital of Vessantara.

Çakti. Mystic wives of divinities. Their feminine principle.

Cintāmani. Tib.: *Dgos-hdod-dpung-hdjoms*. Pr.: *Küdübougadjom*. The precious stone which realizes desires.

Confines of the Desert of Sand. Tib.: *Mthah-khob-bye-machîng-drung*. Pr.: *Thakob tchema ching djrung*. Can be translated thus: Barbarous Land of the Desert of Sand. *Kalinga* in the Pali text.

Continent of Copper, Light of Glory. Tib.: *Zangs-gling-dpal-gvi-hod*. Pr.: *Zangling pelgviheu*. Name of country.

Damaru. Little drum made of two skulls joined by their crowns and with human skin stretched over them.

Daouazanpo. Pronunciation of *Zlaba-bzang-po*. Good Moon, name of king and minister.

Dazang. Abbreviation of *Daouazanpo*.

TCHRIMEKUNDAN

Duwa Hari. Hari Picked - up, *Hdu-ba.* Pr.: *hduoua*, qualification given frequently to mountain villages built on a narrow piece of land and the houses of which, throughout their height, are squeezed against each other.

Excellent. Tib.: *Rab-bzang*, king's name.

Famous by his Limitless Renown. Tib.: *Grag-po-grags-pai-mtah-med.* Pr.: *Tchrapo tchrapé thamé*, name of king of Ceylon.

Forest Agitated by the Wind. Tib.: *Rlung-ldan-gyo-baitshal.* Pr.: *Lunden yoouai tshel*, or, *Rlung-ba-dan-gyo-baitshal.* Pr.: *Lun baden yoouai tshel.* Forest of flags of prayer agitated by the wind.

Friendship. Tib.: *Grogs-bged.* Pr.: *Tchro-tché.*

Gang-tchhen. Pr.: *Kantchhen*, Powerful, or, *gangs-tchan.* Pr.: *Kantchen*, Snowy. The first orthography, that of the manuscript, is the more probable, since the name is that of a king. The word Snowy in the printed text designates generally Tibet.

Gaouaisamling. Pr. of *Dgah-bai-bsam-gling.* Abode of the Soul which Rejoiceth. Name of Tchrimékundan's palace.

Garden of the Immaculate Lotus. Tib.: *Dag-pa-padmaïtshal.* Pr.: *Dagpa péme tshel*, or, *Dgah-ba-padmaïtshal.* Pr.: *Gaoua péme tshel.* Garden of the Lotus that rejoice.

Garden of the Multicoloured Lotus. Tib.: *Kha-tchhé-padmaï-'shal.* Pr.: *Khatchhé-pémétshel.* Name of country.

Gedanzanmo. See Virtuous and Good.

Good and Beautiful. Tib.: *Legs-mdzès-ma.* Pr.: *Lendzéma.* Tchrimékundan's daughter.

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Good and Noble. Tib.: *Legs - dpal*. Pr.: *Lépél*. Name of Tchrimékundan's younger son.

Happiness. Tib.: *Bde-ba*. King's name.

Happy Glory. Tib.: *Dgah-bai-dpal*. Pr.: *gahouaipel*. King's name. Great Compassionate. One of the numerous names of the Bodhisattwa Avalokiteçvara.

Hor. Independent state in the East of Tibet.

Indrabhuti. Indian name transcribed in Tibetan: *Indra-bhu-dhé*, or, *Indra-bho-dhi*, king's name.

Indracocha. Indian name transcribed. *Indrai-kocha* (Indra prastha). The town of Delhi.

Jewel or *Ratna.* The Three Jewels. Buddhist trinity expressing the abstract idea of divinity sufficiently for the Protestant missionaries to have adopted the Tibetan word (*Dkon-mtch'og*) to translate "God."

Kachika. Sort of precious sandalwood which has the property of diffusing freshness.

Ka-ling-skyid-mdab. Pr.: *Kalingkyeda*. Bottom of the Happy Valley of Kaling.

Kalpa. Indian word. Period of considerable time which the imagination could not conceive.

Kandjur. Work containing the Buddhist canon, the doctrine and the legends, translated from Sanskrit into Tibetan in the eighth century and forming more than a hundred volumes.

Kimn̄aras. Indian word. In Tib.: *Mi-ham-tchi*. Monstrous divinities.

Kun-dag-bzang-po. Pr.: *Kundazanpo*. Sacred for All, or *Kun-Dgah-bzang-po*. Pr.: *Kungazanpo*. Who loves all beings. King's name.

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Land of the Lotus. Tib.: *Padma tchan.* Pr.: *pématchen.* Name of country. *Chatiya* in the Pali text.

Land of the Luminous Wind. Tib.: *Hod-hdus-rlung-gignas.* Pr.: *Heudü longginé*; or, *Hod-hdus-rlung'gi-dkyil-hkhor.* Pr.: *Heudü longgi kgil khor.* Wheel of Wind Rays that collects the Light.

Land of the Precious Stones. Tib.: *Rin-tchhen-hbyung-baigling.* Pr.: *Rin tchhen djoug ouai ling.* Land of birth of precious stones (*Ratna dvipa*). Ceylon.

Lion of the Beyond. Tib.: *Phyi-ma-seng-ha.* Name of country.

Lotchreu. Pr. of *Blogros.* Intelligence, wisdom. Person's name very widespread in Tibet.

Luminous. Tib.: *Hod-tchan.* Name of cycle.

Magnificent. Tib.: *Dpal-ldan.* Man's name.

Mahayana. The Great Vehicle. Buddhist doctrine of the North.

Mani. Designates the prayer in six words: *Om ma ni pad me houn.*

Mendezanmo. Pr. of *Man-dhé-bzang-mo.* Good Mandré. *Madri-devi* in the Pali text.

Néousing. Verdant; prairie. Name of country.

Pantseli. Indian word. Silk stitched with the five colours of the rainbow, in which are dressed the gods and goddesses.

Pass agitated by the wind. Tib.: *Rlung-ldan-gyo-baïphrang.* Pr.: *Lunden yo ouei tchrang,* or, *Rlung-ldan-gyo-baï-phreng,* Garland agitated by the wind.

Potala or *Po-tai-ri-la.* Mount Potala of Lha-sa on which the royal palace is built.

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Powerful Wooden Throne. Tib.: *Ching-khri-btsan-po*. Pr.: *Chin-tchri-tsenpo*. The king of the Confines of the Desert of Sand.

Protector of the Earth, Splendour of Glory. Tib.: *Sa-Skyong-grags-pa-dpal*. King of Bheta's name (*Bhumi pala kirtisri* ?), *Sanda* in the Pali text.

Queen of the Sea. Tib.: *Mtsho-rgyal*. Pr.: *Tshogyel*. Name of Tara.

Reasonable. Tib.: *Don-ldan*. Pr.: *Dönden*. King's name.

Sibighosa. Indian name for the Tibetan: *Sgra-Dbyangs-chrhibhri*. Pr.: *Tchrayangchihré*. Name of country.

Sutras. Fundamental writings of the Buddhist doctrine.

Tandjur. Book of Commentaries, translated from the Sanskrit, in 208 volumes.

Taradzès. Pr. of *Ta-ra-mdzès*. Beautiful Tara? Name of bad minister.

Tchrimékundan. Pr. of *Dri-med-kun-ldan*. Entirely pure; Immaculate. Tibetan name of Vessantara.

Urgyen. Pr. of *O-rgyan*. *Odiyana* in Sanskrit. Celebrated country to the west of Pamir; fatherland of Padmasambhava, who preached Buddhism in Tibet in the ninth century of our era.

Virtuous. Tib.: *Legs-ldan*. Pr.: *Leden*. Tchrimékundan's elder son.

Virtuous and Good. Tib.: *Dgé-ldan-bzang-mo*. Pr.: *Gedanzanmo*. Name of the queen of Bheta, Tchrimékundan's mother. *Phusati* in the Pali text.

Which Emitteth Light. Tib.: *Snang-ba-hod-kyi*

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grong-khyer. Pr.: *Nang-oua-heukyi-tchrang-khyer.*
Name of town.

Who Holdeth the Clouds. Tib.: *Spring-hdzin.* Pr.:
Tchrindzin. King's name.

Who Holdeth Ornaments. Tib.: *Brgyan-hdzin.* Pr.:
Kyen-dzin. Man's name.

Who Increaseth in Virtue. Tib.: *Bzang-po-rgyas-*
pa. Pr.: *Zanpogyepa.* King's name.

Who Maketh Happiness. Tib.: *Bde-byed.* Pr.:
De-tché. King's name.

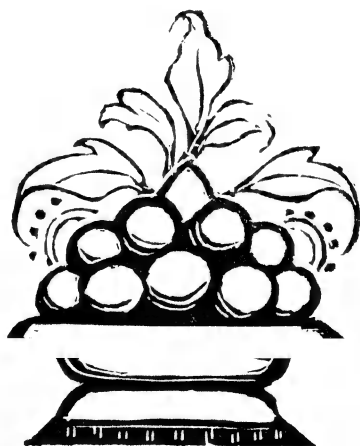
Who Possesseth Gold. *Gser-tchan.* King's name.

Who Seeth All. *Kun-Gzigs.* King's name.

Wise. Tib.: *Don-ldan.* Pr.: *Dönden.*

With the Loud Voice of Five Voices. Tib.: *Mgnah-*
bdag-sgra-dbyzngs-lgna-sgrai. Pr.: *Gnada tchrayang*
gnatchré (*Svara pañca ghosa*). King's name.

Zammo. Abbreviation of *Mendezanmo.*





DJROAZANMO

INTRODUCTION

DJROAZANMO bears more resemblance to a fairy tale than to a religious mystery. The fable is probably Indian. The Cambogians and the Siamese have a replica of it,¹ so remote from the Tibetan version that one hesitates to recognize the same subject. It is certain, however, that several episodes are borrowed from the legends of India.

Two old lonely Brahmins grieve that they have no child. Then a daughter, incarnation of a Tara, is born miraculously to them. Some fairies foretell that a king and a queen will do her much evil and that, forgetting her parents and her own children, she will fly away into the sky. Meanwhile, the little girl grows up in virtue and piety, at the same time in grace and beauty.

¹ Vorvong and Sarivong.

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About this time, the impious King Kalaombo of the kingdom of Mendralgan, who possesses a marvellous bitch-hound, goes hunting one day with his ministers. He massacres numerous stags and, in the evening, he loses his bitch-hound. To see the country better, the hunters climb a mountain and observe the Brahmin's house in the distance. The king goes there with his court, in the hope of there finding his bitch-hound. But he discovers the marvellous young girl, with whom he falls in love immediately. He marries her and installs her in his palace at Mendralgan. He has two children by her, a daughter Lhazikuzan (All Good Goddess) and a son named Lhazé (Son of a God). All this has happened unknown to the queen, Queen Hachang, who is an ogress and who has no heir.

One day Queen Hachang discovers young Queen Djroazanmo and her children. Furious at having been deceived, she threatens to devour them. Then the young queen remembers the prophecy; she takes her scarf, and, abandoning her children, flies away into the sky.

Queen Hachang wishes at least to revenge herself on the two children. With this object she wins over the ministers and makes the king drink a beverage which drives him mad and makes him incapable. She has him imprisoned and commands the ministers to bring her the two young children's hearts. The

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ministers consent, but sacrifice two young dogs and bring their hearts to the ogress who, deceived, devours them.

But one day, from the palace terrace, the ogress sees the two children playing in the garden. She then orders two fishermen (fishermen are criminals ready for all jobs), to throw the two children into the ocean. The two fishermen drag them to the seashore, but there let their hearts be softened and counsel the two children to fly into India. The children set off and lose themselves in an untrodden forest. The queen sends her ministers in pursuit of them. She condemns the children to be thrown from the top of a mountain. The executioners lead them away: one only allows his heart to be touched and frees the little girl, while little Prince Lhazé is thrown into the sea. He is picked up in mid-air by a vulture, then in the sea by a fish, which takes him to the shore. There, a parrot leads him to the Land of the Lotus, where the royal line has just become extinct, and has him crowned king.

During this time the little girl, left to herself, is sheltered for several months by some shepherds, then she goes to beg in the Land of the Lotus. Arrived near the palace she raises her voice and asks charity of the king. The two children recognize each other, kiss, and rule together over the Land of the Lotus.

Learning these things, the queen of Mend-

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ralgan, gathers her ministers and raises her army to make war on the Land of the Lotus. The two armies clash. Queen Hachan is vanquished and killed by Lhazé's infallible spear. The two children, victorious, go to free their still-imprisoned father, and he, chancing to die, they reign over the united kingdoms.

No author's name permits us to assign a date to this drama. Judging by its archaic form, by its basic *naïveté* and primitive antiquity, one might suppose this drama anterior to Tchimekundan and especially to Nansal. The manuscript from which it is translated was acquired at Darjeeling. It is itself very old. Its cursive writing is from two different hands: some missing sheets have been replaced at a period which already seems remote.

I have often translated by "fairy" the synonyms of the Sanskrit word *Tara*. The *Taras* are goddesses, but in Tibetan folklore they and their living incarnations have become entirely analogous to our good fairies. Similarly the she-devil Hachan is the ogress of our stories. On the stage she wears a mask of crimson wrinkled velvet, armed with crossed fangs.

Djroazanmo is the history of the adventures of two children. It is also and above

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all the history of the struggle between the fairy and the ogress, between good and evil, and it is the final triumph of the former over the latter.





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Om mani padme houn !

When you have heard this story of the fairy Djroazanmo, it is important that you should carefully repeat the *mani*.

For him who is ignorant of the Doctrine, this observance would be useless. For him who knoweth not how to listen, hearing is useless. The word of him who teacheth the Doctrine must be as water falling from an high rock. And he who listeneth to the Doctrine must be as heedful as if he were listening to the echo from the rock. This is the tradition of the ancient masters. It is also what must be remembered and observed by future believers. Hail to the venerable Tara who, born in the holy of holies of the *Potala* and of *Tam* the green syllable, hath been freed from transmigration by the light of the syllable *Tam*.



PROLOGUE

ONCE upon a time, in the days of the good *Kalpa*, when men lived to a hundred years, two thousand five hundred years after Buddha emerged from sorrow,¹ heretical doctrines flourished and Buddhism declined.

In those days, the five goddesses *Who Know Everything* and *Who Fly in Space*, having brought together like a canopy a rainbow and the white clouds, saw the four continents and the little islands.

They saw that Buddha's doctrine and religion were recovering a little. But in the South, in the barbarous land of the *Mon*, there was no preaching nor any congregation of monks. How could they contemplate the Great Compassionate? Not knowing even how to repeat the *mani*, such animals were tied by the voice of carnal self. These sinning creatures were firmly bound by hatred, envy and arrogance, the goddesses saw them suffering unbearable pain, like to that of hell.

And the goddesses, at this sight, were bereft of their senses for a moment. When they had regained consciousness, they thought that all

¹ That is to say after the death of the Buddha. This would be exactly in our day, if the author, ignoring or disdaining historical chronology, did not represent this date to himself as infinitely more remote.

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these creatures should be torn from the ocean of pain and that the goddesses, for that, had but to act, speak and think. Then they looked and saw this :

IN a great forest of India called *Forest of Santal Heruka*, there was a Brahmin father called *Lowo*, whose head was whiter than a sea-shell, whose eyes were blue as turquoises, who had no more than one tooth-pearl, and who, in order to rise, had to lean on a stick. And there was a Brahmin mother called *Beautiful*, whose head was whiter than a sea-shell, whose eyes were blue as turquoises, who had no more than one tooth-pearl, and who, in order to rise, had to lean on a stick. Both of them were extremely old ; they had long life and riches and power combined. But as in their old age they had no children, their sorrow was endless.

When the five goddesses Who Fly in Space had seen and understood this, each sent forth a ray of light. And these lights together took the form of a little golden man as big as the thumb. And he went into the Brahmin mother's bosom through the top of her head with the sound of music. At once was the Brahmin mother more easy than formerly, and she felt happy. And she had a dream like this :

She saw the sun and the moon rise out of her own heart and shed light on the four continents and the little islands. From the top of the highest mountain resounded the preach-

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ing of religion. The son and daughter of a god having cleansed her of all ill and of evil spirits, her body was like a stupa of crystal. Such was the presage of her dream.

Thinking that she had conceived a child who would guide her soul, she went into the presence of the father Brahmin Lowo and she said these words to him :

“ Father, hear me, O Brahmin Lowo.

I am easier than before and I feel happy.

Behold the dream which is come to me :

From mine own heart, the sun and the moon having risen,

They shed light on the four continents and the little islands.

From the height of the highest mountain
Resounded the preaching of religion.

I dreamed that the son or daughter of a god cleansed me.

The happy presage of my dream is as if I had conceived a child who would guide my soul.”

Thus did she speak. And the Brahmin father having rejoiced :

“ Mother, hear me, O Brahmin Beautiful.

The desire of both of us, old man and old woman, is realized.

Eat good food and wear good clothes.

Reject bad food and live in retreat.

Maybe thou wilt give birth to a Bodhisattwa incarnate.”

Thus did he speak. And the Brahmin mother, in accord with the father's order, secluded her-

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self in close retirement. Three months having passed, from the Brahmin mother's bosom the child said these words :

" *Om mani padme houn !* May all creatures be freed from suffering and may they be happy ! "

Thus did the child speak. Then the Brahmin mother Beautiful was frightened. Having come into the Brahmin's presence, she said these words to him :

" Father, hear me. O Brahmin Lowo.

This child which is in my bosom,
After three months, hath said these words :

Om mani padme houn !

*May all the creatures of the world be freed
from suffering and may they be happy.*

When, young, we had white teeth, we had
no child.

When, old, we have white hair, we have a child.

How should he be the incarnation of a
Bodhisattwa ?

I fear he may be the bewitched form of a
maleficent king.

The king of the Indies is just and puissant,

Hence, it may be that I shall bear an evil
portent.

The law of the king, the law of Tibet and
the law of Hor will lie heavy upon me.

Should I hurl myself from the summit of a
mountain ?

Or should I throw myself into the depth of a
great river ?

Or should I smite myself with the sword ?

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To unhappy me, give counsel."

Thus did she speak and the Brahmin said :

"Wife, hear me, O Brahmin Beautiful.

Om mani padme houn !

In the north of snowy Tibet, the Great Compassionate dwells.

His body is white and clothed with wild beasts' skins.

And his mouth repeateth the prayer in six words.

If we have a son, he will be incarnation of the Great Compassionate.

If it be a daughter, she will be incarnation of a wise Tara that flieth in space.

For this reason eat good food and wear good clothes.

Reject bad food and dwell in meditation.

Our last hope is realized."

Thus did he speak. And the Brahmin mother, in accord with the father's order, dwelt in strict meditation.

Then at the end of the ninth moon and at the beginning of the tenth of the year of the Land of the Monkey,¹ on the tenth day, favourable date, at the rising of the sun, the mother not being ill, from her right side a daughter was born. Immediately she said : "*Om mani padme houn !*"

At the same time, in the three spaces, a

¹ Current Tibetan chronology places the years in a cycle of sixty years, composed of a cycle of twelve animals' names multiplied by a cycle of five names of elements.

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rainbow formed a canopy. And the five goddesses who know all and who fly in space called the child *Kahdjroma Djroazanmo* (Good to All and Flying in Space). They presented gifts to her and announced these omens :

“ Brahmin’s daughter, Djroazanmo, there will be three periods in thy life : youth, middle age and old age.

In thy youth, in the land of *Mendralgan*, King *Kalaombo* and Queen *Hachan* will cause thee at the same time baneful ill-fortune.

At the period of thy middle age, thou wilt not love either thy father or thy mother who are full of grace,

Or thy spouse opposite thee,
Or thy children born of thy flesh.

Then must thou take flight into the sky.

If thou shalt ask thyself whither to fly, remembering to fly toward the West, thou shalt reach the abode of the five goddesses that inhabit Space.”

They spake and vanished like the rainbow.

Hardly was she born, before any other word, the child said these words to her father and to her mother :

“ Father, hear me, O Brahmin Lowo.

Life is swift as the lightning in space.

Without tarrying, we soon shall die.

Let us contemplate the *Great Compassionate*.

Let us repeat the holy prayer in six words.

Let us turn our looks back on to our own thought.

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Without ever swerving from gentleness and compassion.

Let us not forget that everything is pitiable nonentity.

Mother, hear me, O Brahmin *Beautiful*.

Thy life is like the flowers in the garden.

Without tarrying thou wilt have to die.

Contemplate by day that everything which is visible is also empty.

Contemplate by night that everything which glittereth is vain and not to be grasped.

Contemplate love and pity for all beings,

And the gift of riches which are vain.

Contemplate ceaselessly the Great Compassionate

And recite the *mani*."

Thus did she speak. The father and the mother rejoiced in their hearts. They did not need to give milk to their daughter to rear her. She was clad in a dress of *kachika*,¹ and she dwelled in her room in profound contemplation.

One day, some time after, King Kalaombo of the land of Mendragan hoisted the great flag on his terrace in the blue sky; he had the great trump blown in space; and he had the great drum beaten on the top of the palace. Then the ministers and subjects of Mendragan having gathered together in haste, the king said these words to them:

"Hola, listen, ministers and subjects.

¹ Stuff from Benares.

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To-morrow, that maketh one day, the day
after to-morrow, two days.

The day after, favourable day, at daybreak,
Ye will see the signal on the high mountain
And we will hunt there for pleasure.

Ministers, go and prepare yourselves."

Thus did he speak. Then the ministers, with
united voices, chanted to the king this prayer :

"Oh, oh! precious king,
O king of Mendragan,
Kalaombo, hear us.

If thou dost command the undertaking of a
criminal hunt,

The kings of the Indies, thine equals,
At this news, will blame thee.

If thou dost command hunting and fishing,
The townspeople, although loving thee,
And the common people will despise thee.

King, do not command this hunt,
Abandon this hunt forsooth."

Thus did they speak. And the king, very
ill-content, said to the Intendants :

"Hola, listen, assembled ministers.

What ye say is true. But now,

Look at the kings of the Indies.

Each of them hath jewels of great value.

I have none of any kind.

I have only my bitch-hound *Barking Iron-Hawk*.

Hence if I go not on the criminal hunt,

¹ According to Buddhist morality the murder of animals is a crime equal to the murder of men.

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I have no use for my bitch-hound,
For which reason be silent and prepare
yourselves to undertake this hunt."

Speaking thus, the king did not heed their counsel.

When the third day had come the king, with his court of ministers and subjects, with heroes and archers holding their arms ready, having taken the bitch-hound Barking Iron-Hawk, they set off for the chase.

In all the mountains of India they sought wild beasts and found none. Now on the borders of India and the barbarous land of the *Mon*, there is a great forest where dwell many wild beasts and stags.

There did they loose Barking Iron-Hawk.

And on the same day they killed thirty-seven stags. But when evening was come, the bitch-hound disappeared like a rainbow in space and was lost.

The king suffering a great sorrow said these words :

" Oh, oh ! assembled ministers, listen to me.

On this very day, I have lost my bitch-hound Barking Iron-Hawk.

She is mine indispensable jewel.

Never, until I have found her again,

Will I return to my kingdom.

To-night we will sleep on the summit of this mountain.

To-morrow, at daybreak,

We will go in search of my bitch-hound.

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We will go in search of Barking Iron-Hawk."

Thus did he speak. And that very evening, the king and the ministers, on the summit of the mountain, lying on their bows and arrows as pillows, slumbered.

In the morning, as soon as day broke, the king said these words :

"Minister *Trinadzin*, wake and look around. Listen for the sound of the voice of man or dog. See if there are any bitch's tracks."

At once the minister rose and looked round.

But he heard no voice of either man or dog, and he found no track. Then he thought that the bitch was no longer alive.

Again, climbing to the summit of a high mountain, he looked in all directions. To the East, in the middle of a thick forest, a level plain stretched. And from a big, well-built house one saw smoke rising. Then the minister, having climbed down to the king, said these words to him :

"Oh, oh ! precious king.

Lord who commandest mankind, hear me.

I heard no voice either of man or dog,

I saw no bitch's track.

And I thought the bitch-hound was no longer alive.

Again did I look from the summit of a high mountain.

To the East, in the middle of a thick forest,
In a level plain

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I saw a big, well-built house.
And smoke rose from it.
Perhaps the bitch-hound is there.”
He spake, and the king rejoicing in his heart :
“Thou art a clever minister and full of
intelligence.

Surely the bitch-hound is down there.”

He spake, and the king with all the court of
ministers turning their faces towards the great
forest of India called *Santal Heruka*, set off.

They reached the door of the house and saw
a track like that of the bitch-hound. Then the
minister Trinadzin knocked at the door.

After a moment, through the window of the
house, an old Brahmin whose head was whiter
than a conch, whose eyes were blue as turquoises,
who had no longer a tooth-pearl, and who, in
order to rise, had to lean on a stick, asked who
was there. Then the king drawing from his
neck the excellent scarf of felicity, placed it on
the window, then he said :

“Oh, oh ! old Brahmin, hear me.

My land is Mendralgan

And my name is Kalaombo.

Yesterday, during the morning,

Without thinking of evil, I hunted.

We killed thirty-seven stags.

In the evening, my bitch-hound lost herself
and hath not been found.

This morning we went in search of my bitch-
hound Barking Iron-Hawk,

DĪROAZANMO

And we have found trace of her at your door.

O old Brahmin, give me back my bitch-hound."

Thus did he speak. And the old Brahmin made haste saying :

"It is King Kalaombo.

He practiseth justice and he is powerful.

He is a light hotter than the fire,

He is a surge more terrible than the river.

He is finer than a horse-hair.

His lip curls more than the white mustard leaf.

He is finer than flour.

I had only heard speak of him but had not yet seen him.

He would not have come to my door without reason."

Thinking thus and with his whole body trembling, the Brahmin opened the door and went out. Joining the palms of his hands he said to the king :

"Oh, oh ! precious king,

Kalaombo, hear me,

We are two old Brahmins who are falling in ruins.

In our youth even, we were incapable of anything.

Now that we are near to dying of old age,

The king's bitch-hound, Barking Iron-Hawk,

We have not seen her, not seen. We do not know, not know.

Had we seen her, what should we do with her?

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Great king, if thou believest me not,
Thou mayst look in my house."

Thus speaking he opened the door of his house. The king and the ministers entered seeking everywhere the bitch-hound and not finding her.

Between three doors they saw an old Brahmin woman, whose head was white as a conch, whose eyes were as blue as turquoises, who had no longer a tooth-pearl, who, in order to rise, had to lean on a stick, and who recited the *mani*. The king thought in his heart :

"These two old Brahmins, during a long life, have amassed treasures and riches.

It is a blessing from the Great Compassionate.

It is perhaps the fruit of the reciting of the *mani*."

Having thought thus, the king had faith in them.

However, he was still afflicted by the loss of his bitch-hound.

Now there was a locked door. The king struck it with his foot and drove his stick into it and said :

"Old Brahmin woman, open this door.

My bitch-hound is here maybe."

The old Brahmin woman saluted the king, kneeling and joining the palms of her hands, and she said :

"Oh, oh ! precious king,

Kalaombo, hear me.

DĪROAZANMO

We are two old Brahmins, who are falling in ruins.

In our youth even we were incapable of anything.

Now that we are near to dying of old age,
The king's bitch-hound, Barking Iron-Hawk,
We have not seen her, not seen. We do not know, not know.

Had we seen her, what should we do with her?
Great king, if thou believest us not,
Order that I open, and I will open this door.
But do not order other things."

Speaking thus she opened the door of the room. And the king saw a young girl not like the daughters of men, but like the daughter of a god. She was clad in a chaste dress of kachika.

And she was marked with the sign of the fairies that know all and that fly in space.

And she was of noble race and of high birth;
Beautiful to see, harmonious to hear, of agreeable odour,

And pleasant to touch.

This girl, who bore the sign of the fairies, bewitched the soul as soon as one saw her. The king thought in his heart:

"My bitch-hound Barking Iron-Hawk
Hath certainly disappeared.

For at the Brahmin's door I saw the imprint of her foot.

It is a warning from the goddesses that fly in space."

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Thinking thus, he drew from his reliquary a turquoise called White Light, and he placed it on the head of the fairy Djroazanmo. And he gave these orders to the old Brahmins :

“This girl, O aged Brahmin father and mother,

Must be given to the king for spouse.

From to-day henceforward, this girl,

Say not that she hath flown away into the sky.

Say not that she hath buried herself in the earth.

Say not that a powerful man hath carried her off.

Say not that a rich man hath seduced her.

Say not that a deceiver hath stolen her.

Say not that a beggar hath begged her.

Let not this girl go away.

For if ye said she had departed,

Think, Brahmins, that I would take your lives.

To-morrow and after-to-morrow, that maketh two days ;

The third day, day of the goddess, at day-break,

To you Brahmins, I will bring the price of your daughter.

If ye have no servitors, I will send you some.

And I will take away your daughter as spouse.

Prepare to give her to me in marriage.”

Having thus spoken, the king with his ministers returned home to his kingdom.

Then the fairy Djroazanmo thought in her heart :

“Alas ! Rather than become the spouse of this criminal king,

DJROAZANMO

It is better to die.

However, the five goddesses, saying their prophecy, have blessed me.

Behold the baneful ill-fortune foretold by the goddesses."

Ceasing to contemplate, she left the room

And taking a scarf by way of wings, she wished to take her flight. The Brahmin father and mother, learning her design, the father Lowo seizing the right lappet of his daughter's veil, spake thus :

"Old Brahmin's daughter, hear me.

Djroazanmo, hear me a moment,

It is marvellous that thou dost fly.

If thou fliest away, thine old parents will be left alone.

The king of Mendralgan is stern and powerful:

If Djroazanmo doth not stay,

He will deprive us of life.

Think in thy spirit, Djroazanmo,

In gratitude to thy father and thy mother,

Do not disappear into the sky, but stay."

Thus did he entreat and shed many tears.

Then the mother seizing the left lappet of her daughter's veil, spake thus :

"Daughter, hear me a moment.

It is a great marvel that thou dost fly.

At the period of thy birth,

The five goddesses made a prediction

For the three ages of thy life.

They did not predict that thou wouldst fly in the first age.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

But they predicted that thou wouldst fly in the middle age.

Now is thy first age.

The time to fly is not yet come.

Reflect in thy spirit, Djroazanmo.

Stay out of gratitude to thy parents."

Speaking thus, the father and the mother wept with sorrow and entreated. The young girl thought in her heart:

"My parents have no pity."

But out of gratitude for her parents, she returned to the house. And the parents rejoiced.

On the appointed day, King Kalaombo arrived from Mendralgan with horses, elephants, jewels which crown the desires, necklaces, gold, silver and baskets of tea in boundless loads. The court of the servitors presented these riches to the two Brahmins as the price of their daughter. They decked Djroazanmo with precious ornaments inconceivable. And she mounted a black horse called *White Feet*. On the best horse named *Who Flieth like the Wild Goose*, King Kalaombo mounted. And on the horse *Who Taketh the Heart* mounted the minister Trinadzin. The king and the princess were received with songs and dances and games.

And making a procession, they entered the palace of Mendralgan.

Then the king seated himself on a golden throne. And the princess seated herself on a turquoise throne.

The light from the golden throne struck the

DJROAZANMO

turquoise throne. And the light from the turquoise throne struck the golden throne. And the light from the two thrones illuminated the whole palace. If one looked from without, one saw the within of the palace. From within one saw without, as though it were transparent. And, filled with light, free from without or within, the palace was like a celestial palace. At this moment the king and the queen rejoiced in the greatest happiness.

The fairy Djroazanmo came to think in her heart :

“ Why did I have to come here ?

Is it that I should convert to religion

The criminal king, the court and the subjects ? ”

Having thus thought, she said to the king these words :

“ Alas ! precious king. Kalaombo, hear me.

The joys of the world are but a dream.

Terrestrial bonds and the finest riches are cause of sin.

Because every created thing is ephemeral,

It is time to realize the great cause of the beyond.

We do not know when we shall die, and life doth not endure.

For that reason let us contemplate the Great Pitiful.

And let us recite from the bottom of our hearts the prayer in six words.

Let us renounce the ten sins and let us practise the ten virtues.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Always filled with gentleness and compassion,
Let us not count the greatest things as but
for annihilation."

Thus did she speak. And the king filled
with gladness answered her :

"Djroazanmo, thus it is."

And he flew the great standard in the blue
sky. He blew the great trump in space. He
had the drum beaten on the top of the palace.
The court and the subjects of Mendragan
having gathered in haste, the king said these
words to them :

"Ministers and subjects, hear me.

My bitch-hound Barking Iron-Hawk

Who disappeared in a moment in the sky,

And whose hawk's track went right to the
Brahmin's door,

Cannot be but an incarnation of Djroazanmo.

Djroazanmo doth love the holy Doctrine.

And I, like her, I love her religion.

Ye also, ministers and subjects, practise it
zealously.

Rejecting the ten sins, keep the ten virtues.

Contemplate the Great Pitiful Avalokita.

From the depth of your hearts recite the *mani*.

Filled always with gentleness and pity,

Count not the greatest things as but for
annihilation.

And if ye commit the black sins,

I will punish you in your body and in your life.

Remember ye this, ministers and subjects."

Thus spake the king. The royal ministers

DJROAZANMO

and the people of Mendralgan rejoiced in the practice of the ten virtues. And the fruits of the earth and riches increased more than formerly and multiplied.

At this time while Djroazanmo dwelt in a room called *Temple of the Taras* and protecting from the eight terrors, she brought into the world a daughter. This daughter was called *Lhazikuzan* (*All Good Goddess*). When she was three years old her mother gave birth to a son, royal heir.

This son was called *Lhazé* (*Son of the Gods*). After the birth of the son, the mother and her two children lived crowned with happiness. Then it was that the baneful ill-fortune, come from the devil, occurred in the following way.

King Kalaombo had a first queen called *Hachan*. And this queen had, to spy on his face, a slave named *Zimarango* (*Magnificent Goat's Head*). One day this slave saw Djroazanmo and her children. And she thought :

"What melancholy news to bring to my mistress' feet !

King Kalaombo hath taken a second princess spouse.

There is a son and heir for his line.

And there is a daughter to extend the relations of the royal house."

Thinking thus, she went into Queen Hachan's presence and said :

"Noble princess, hear me.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

King Kalaombo hath taken a second princess spouse.

There is a son and heir for his line.

And there is a daughter to extend the relations of the royal house.

Noble princess, be no longer afflicted at not having children."

She spake, and the queen ogress thought in her heart.

"The news come from afar is half true, half false.

But this cometh from near-by and I must see for myself."

Thinking thus she went on to the terrace of the room called Temple of the Taras.

She looked and saw Djroazanmo with her two children. Then, stirred with anger, she said:

"What Zimarango hath reported to me is true.

I am the famous Queen Hachan.

Thou, Djroazanmo, art come as an enemy.

If, in the course of this day, I cannot eat you all three, mother and children,

May the goddesses protecting this country devour me."

Having spoken, the ogress bared her teeth and her fangs three times. Then she returned to her room.

Then Djroazanmo thought in her heart:

"When the five winged goddesses that fly in space blessed me with omens,

They told me that an ill-fortune would come to me from a female demon.

DJROAZANMO

This female demon, behold her."

She sent Prince Lhazé to his father's side, and taking her daughter Lhazikuzan to her bosom, she said to her :

"My daughter, hear me. Lhazikuzan, hear me.

At my birth, the goddesses that fly in space made prophecies for me.

A great ill-fortune is to come to me from the demons.

The demon is here ; it is Queen Hachan.

If we stay here, she will eat us.

My daughter, take thy mother's ornament and clothing.

Ye two, brother and sister, go confide to the king your father your happy or unhappy destiny.

I, your mother, am going to the land of the winged goddesses."

Thus did she speak. And unfastening her ornaments which jingled, she laid them aside.

And undoing the rainbows of her silk robe, she laid it aside. Then was she naked. And looking toward the blue sky, road of wings, she flew away. And she flew into the West, toward the abode of the winged goddesses.

Lhazikuzan thought of flying also and following her mother and she made the movement to fly away ; but she could not raise herself by a single arm's breadth. And her mother's room was empty as an empty bird's-nest.

Only the robe and the ornament sparkled.

Then Lhazikuzan was near to dying.

Lhazé returned to his mother's room. He

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

saw his mother no longer, but found his sister in grief. He said to her these words :

“ Loved sister, hear me. O Lhazikuzan.

Whither is our mother gone? Who hath troubled thee ? ”

And Lhazikuzan, taking her brother in her arms :

“ Lhazé, hear me.

When we were happy, mother and children, in the room Temple of the Fairies,

The servant Zimarango, that Queen Hachan's slave, saw us.

And the servant went to tell it to the queen ogress.

And the ogress came herself to see if it were true or false.

And she saw us all three, mother and children.

Then, stirred with wrath, she said :

‘ What Zimarango reported to me was true.

I am the famous Hachan.

Thou, Djroazanmo, art come as an enemy.

If, in the course of this day, I cannot eat you all three, mother and children,

May the goddesses protecting this country devour me.’

Having spoken, the ogress bared all her teeth and fangs three times.

This fearful spectacle was intolerable.

Our mother could not bear this ill-fortune and said to me :

‘ An ill-fortune was to come from the demon.

DJROAZANMO

This demon is Queen Hachan.

If we stay here she will eat us.

I, thy mother, am going to the abode of the winged goddesses.

My daughter, take thy mother's ornament and clothing.

Ye two, brother and sister, go confide your destiny to the king your father.'

Thus did our mother speak. And then she looked at the blue sky and disappeared.

Now we two what are we going to do?"

Lhazé answered her:

"Elder sister, if it be thus,

In this place hatred against us will be like.

If the ogress cometh, she will eat us.

Let us not stay here, but let us go to see our father."

He spake, and both went before their father. And Lhazé kneeling and shedding tears entreated thus:

"Father Kalaombo, hear me.

While our mother and we children lived happy in the room Temple of the Fairies,

The slave Zimarango of the Queen Hachan saw us.

She went to tell it to the queen.

And the queen ogress went to see if it were true and she saw us.

Then was she stirred with wrath and said:

'What Zimarango reported to me was true.

I am the famous Queen Hachan.

Thou, Djroazanmo, art come as an enemy.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

If, in the course of this day, I do not eat you
all three, mother and children,

May the goddesses protecting this country
devour me.'

Having spoken, the ogress bared all her teeth
and fangs three times.

This fearful spectacle was intolerable.

Our mother could not bear this ill-fortune
and said :

' According to the prediction which the god-
desses made at my birth,

An ill-fortune is to come to me from the demon.

Queen Hachan is this demon.

If we stay here the ogress will eat us.

My daughter, take thy mother's ornament
and clothing.

I, without tarrying, am going to the abode of
the Taras.

Ye two, brother and sister, go confide your
destiny to the king your father.'

Having said that, she disappeared into the
blue sky.

May our father have pity on our ill-fortune."

And as both, prostrating themselves, were
shedding tears, the king their father, hearing
how Djroazanmo had disappeared, fell deprived
of consciousness. The servitors spilled on his
face fresh essence of santal, and the king regained
consciousness.

And he thought :

" News come from afar is half true, half false.
This news cometh from near-by, I must go to see."

DJROAZANMO

And he hastened toward the room Temple of the Fairies. And he stopped on the threshold of the door. The room was empty as an empty bird's-nest. Alone the ornament, the abandoned turquoises and the clothing sparkled. And the king was as if his heart had been torn out. He climbed on the terrace of the Temple of the Taras and, wrapping his head in his mantle, he suffered a great pain. His son Lhazé came against his breast, joined his mouth to his mouth and his heart to his heart and said to him to console him :

“ O father Kalaombo, hear me.

My mother disappeared in the sky.

That doth not mean that she hath finished with living.

Maybe she flew away for the good of creatures.

Hence there is no cause for being afflicted.

But putting grief aside, let us address to her a prayer.

Perhaps our mother will return at once.”

Thus did he beseech. And the father thought:

“ My son must be the incarnation of the Great Pitiful,

That when three years old he knoweth thus how to console.”

Taking his son by the right hand and his daughter by the left hand, he led them on the terrace of the room Temple of the Taras, and there, raising his eyes to the sky, he chanted this prayer :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"Oh, three Jewels that do not deceive, I pray you, bless my prayer and grant it.

Djroazanmo, hear me.

Fly not in the blue sky, but come back to thy room.

I will vanquish the ogress' wrath. Djroazanmo, believe me.

Fly not in the blue sky, but come back to thy room.

Thou who canst abandon thy son Lhazé,
Who canst abandon thy daughter, divine children,

Thou who, thy heart far from me, dost abandon Kalaombo.

Thou who disdainest thy robe and thine ornament.

One must have pity on all beings.

Hear Kalaombo's prayer."

Thus did he pray. But they did not see the body of Djroazanmo and they did not hear her voice. Then the father and the children returned to the palace and covering their heads with their cloaks, they dwelt suffering a great sorrow.

About this time Queen Hachan assembled the ministers and said to them :

"Hola, assembled ministers, hear me.

If King Kalaombo were faithful to his word of other times,

He should take none other spouse but me.

Unfaithful to his word of other times,

DJROAZANMO

He took Djroazanmo as second spouse.
For six years he did never cast a glance
on me.

Hath one ever heard tell of like treatment?
Look at the kings of India,
They also marry many princesses,
Who equally are given ungrudging treatment.
How shall I bear such partiality?
Even if Djroazanmo disappeared in the sky,
And although we are far from taking
possession of them,

Her children at least remain to us.
If I give the king some water of madness
well clarified and dissolved,
And if he doth show some madman ways,
We will imprison him for six years.
As recompense, ministers, I will give you
as much riches as ye desire.

And I will distribute some to the servitors
and to the subjects.

Remember that, assembled ministers."

Thus did she speak and all the ministers
fell beneath the power of the queen ogress,
and, agreeing in counsel, they were unanimous.
They brought to the king, to make him inco-
herent, a beverage of madness well clarified.
Arrived before the king they said to him these
words :

"O precious king, Kalaombo, hear us.

If Djroazanmo hath disappeared in the sky,
There is still a queen in harmony with thy
heart.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Thou hast a son for thy line ;
Thou hast a daughter to extend relations
without.

Thy health is attacked by none of the four
causes of sickness.

We, servitors and subjects, increase in
number.

Wherefore thou must not be cast down.

But abandoning grief, drink this grape wine.

And having drunk it, sing a religious song."

Having said these words, the ministers
offered the king the water of madness well
clarified which they had prepared. The king
did not think that it was water of madness.
But he thought :

"The ministers have brought me this grape
wine to comfort my soul."

And forgetting himself he drank much of
the water of madness. In an instant he
became mad. Sometimes he got up, some-
times he sat down. Sometimes he said : "O
my Djroazanmo !" and he looked at the sky.
Sometimes he sang, sometimes he danced.
And he did many other varied madnesses.
Then the queen said :

"Ministers, lead Kalaombo away for me as
a prisoner."

And Zimarango guarded the prison. The
king's food was passed by means of a cord.

One day the queen came to think :

"If I command the ministers to kill the two
children,

DYROAZANMO

They will not do it, for they have some love for them.

And in addition these two children's beauty is charming.

They do not resemble the children of men, but the children of the gods.

To have the chance of destroying them I must simulate a great sickness."

Thinking thus, she made a great bed; she covered herself with soiled rags and wore on her body a putrefied skin. She painted her right cheek with vermilion and her left cheek with indigo. And she feigned to sleep, saying:

"*A-ra-a*. What unbearable pain!"

Then the ministers having assembled, approached the bed and said these words:

"Alas, precious queen,

What is the pain of thy sickness?

What is the heat of thy fever?

What prayers, what medicine given with ceremony, will heal thee?

Is there some means of healing thee?"

The queen ogress answered:

"The burning of my fever, no prayer can cure it.

No remedy given with ceremony can heal it.

The only means of healing me ye will not desire."

Thus did she speak and the ministers replied:

"O holy queen, hear us.

What a pain of sickness! What a burning of fever!

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

If no prayer nor any remedy given with ceremony can heal thee,

What is the other means of healing thee?

The two royal children are still small.

We, ministers, have only thee for queen.

We beg thee, whatever thou mayst ask, answer us."

And the ogress answered :

"Assembled ministers, hear me.

For the burning of my fever.

Prayers are useless.

Remedies given with ceremony are useless.

The only way to heal me is impossible for you.

The medicine which would heal me is this :

It is the two children's hearts.

If ye take them out by the back and give me them to eat, I shall be healed."

Thus did she speak. And the ministers become sombre answered :

"We will kill the two children."

And the queen rejoiced saying :

"Ministers, so be it.

Call the brothers executioners of Mendralgan who are ignorant of good and evil."

Then the two brothers came by the ogress' bed and said :

"Be pleased to command us."

And the ogress commanded them :

"Executioners *Long-Clad* and *Short-Clad*, hear me.

Executioner *Long-Clad*, go and tear out Lhazikuzan's heart by the back.



DYROAZANMO

Executioner *Short-Clad*, go and tear out Prince Lhazé's heart by the back.

That is the remedy I must take.

Then bring me the hearts warm and beating.

For reward, I will give you all the riches ye desire.

Even a part of the kingdom of *Gnaris*.

Go then quickly."

And the two executioners departed forthwith, being unable to bear the ogress' order.

They reached the children's room and opened the door. The children, as little ones do, were playing together.

Lhazé grew gloomy and said:

"Executioners Long-Clad and Short-Clad, hear me.

Once upon a time, when you came near me I rejoiced greatly.

Now that you come near me, I am greatly unhappy.

Why do ye come?

All the ministers are in the queen's power.

The queen and the ministers have taken counsel.

Ye come to kill us.

What evil have we done?

Have ye no pity that you kill us?

It would be a great crime. Think well thereon, O brothers executioners."

Speaking thus, he sobbed without being able to restrain his tears. The younger of the brothers executioners was touched by faith and, without killing, he said to his brother:

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"Elder brother, hear me.

To be the elder only by the number of years,
that is not to be the elder.

But to be the elder by wisdom, that is truly
to be the elder.

In the time when the excellent Djroazanmo
was there,

These children had the rank of princes.

And no one could even have walked over
their shadow.

How dare now strike their bodies?

Rather let us save their lives.

At the palace gate are two little dogs.

We will take out their hearts by the back.

And if we give them to the queen it would
be preferable."

He spake, and Long-Clad having rejoiced,
the two brothers agreed and said these words:

"Children of the gods, hear us well.

The ogress and the ministers having taken
counsel,

Have sent us, criminal executioners, to kill you.

In the time when Djroazanmo was there,

No one would have dared walk on your
shadow.

How now should we dare strike your bodies?

Children heirs, go no more to play in the
garden.

If the ogress Hachan saw you, she would
have you killed.

Your parents themselves would not give you
better counsel.

DÿROAZANMO

We two, brothers executioners, tell you secretly that certain ministers love you as formerly."

Speaking thus they saved the lives of the royal children. And they killed the two little dog brothers at the palace gate. And bearing their hearts to the ogress, they said these words to her :

"O holy queen, hear us.

We two, criminal brothers, have pitilessly killed the two princes.

The bigger heart is Lhazikuzan's.

The smaller heart is excellent Lhazé's.

Holy queen, we offer them to thee for thy pleasure.

We do not desire the half of Gnaris as recompense.

Protect us with thy love as before."

Thus did they speak. Then the queen rejoiced and ate the two hearts with salt. Then she took the red and the indigo from off her cheeks ; she dressed again with ornaments and finery ; and she showed the habits of health.

The queen used to walk every day on the palace terrace. One day the children, carried away by their youth, came playing into the garden. The ogress having perceived them thought in her heart :

"Alas! the two executioners who do not know how to distinguish good from evil, have not killed the children.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

They have made game of me.

All the ministers love these children, for their beauty is charming.

I must again simulate a great sickness."

Thinking thus, she made a great bed. She covered herself with soiled rags. And she wore on her body a putrefied skin. She painted her right cheek with vermilion and her left cheek with indigo. At the head of the bed she wound her jewels and ornaments. And she said:

"*A-ra-a!* What a pain! What an unbearable pain!"

And she stayed motionless. Accordingly, all the ministers being assembled at the head of the bed, asked what sickness she had:

"Alas! holy queen, hear us.

What is the pain of thy sickness?

What is the burning of thy fever?

What medicine given with ceremony,

What propitiatory prayers will heal thee?

What is the way to heal thee?"

The ogress, filled with fury, answered not a single word. But she lay down with her head at the foot and slept. Then the ministers went to the foot of the bed. But the queen turned her head to the left and slept. Then the ministers went to the left side and said these words:

"What is the pain of thy sickness?

What is the burning of thy fever?

If prayers do not heal thee,

DJROAZANMO

If remedies given with ceremony do not
heal thee,

What is the way to heal thee?

Queen Djroazanmo hath disappeared in the
sky.

Thyself hast imprisoned the king.

The two children having been killed live no
more.

We, ministers, have only thee left to watch
over us and think of us."

Thus did they speak. And the queen,
leaning on her slave Zimarango, raised herself
and said:

"All ye ministers, hear me.

What would have cured me, ye have not done.

Ye told me that the hearts were the
children's.

But ye gave the hearts of two brothers dogs.

Accordingly my ill hath been aggravated.

Entirely polluted, I am become foul.

If now I am sick, let me be sick.

If I am to die, let me die."

Having spoken, she fell back fainting.

Then the assembled ministers:

"There is only Lhazé for the royal line.

There is only Lhazikuzan to extend relations
without.

Although thou dost order us to kill them, we
cannot."

The queen answered:

"In truth, it doth not become your rank to
kill, O ministers.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

But at the frontier of the land of Mendralgan
There are two brothers fishermen ignorant of
good and evil.

Summon them."

She spake, and the ministers having summoned the two fishermen, they led them to the ogress' bedside. And the ogress said:

"Elder fisherman, go, and hurl Lhazikuzan into the sea.

Younger fisherman, go, and hurl the royal son Lhazé into the sea.

I will give you the riches you desire.

Hasten."

She spake, and the brothers fishermen hastening to obey the queen's commands, reached the two children's room. They opened the door and entered. The children were in great grief because of their mother's absence. At once Lhazé grew gloomy and said:

"Fishermen, hear me.

Once upon a time, when ye came near me, I rejoiced greatly.

To-day ye come and I am filled with terror.

Why have ye come?

All the ministers have fallen into the queen ogress' power.

The queen and the ministers have taken counsel. Ye come to kill us.

Would ye dare to kill innocents? Have ye no pity?

Would it not be a great crime?

Think well thereon, O brothers fishermen."

DJROAZANMO

Thus did he speak and he sobbed as if his heart were being torn out. The younger of the fishermen then said :

“Hear us well, ye two, brother and sister.

The ogress and the assembled ministers have taken counsel.

They have sent us, two criminal fishermen, to kill you.

We shall throw you without tarrying into the sea.”

Thus did he speak, and Lhazé said to his sister :

“Sister Lhazikuzan, hear me :

We have obtained the state of man by an accumulation of merits.

Among men we have been born princes.

But we have not a second time accumulated merits.

That is why we encounter this ill-fortune.

See the great trees which surround this palace.

The eagle doth inhabit their top, for he is the most powerful of the birds.

The little birds dwell below in disquiet.

Among the birds, too, there are masters and slaves.

Rather than be king's sons as we are,

The nest of the little birds below is preferable to the eagle's nest.

That is because we have our mother no longer.

Mother, excellent Djroazanmo, have pity on thy children !”

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Speaking thus, he shed many tears.

Then the elder of the fishermen said :

“ Your pretty talk hath already softened the executioners Long-Clad and Short-Clad.

And it hath saved your lives.

But we two, we will not be softened.

And we will not save you.”

Speaking thus, the elder fisherman seized Lhazikuzan by the chest and threw her to the bottom of the stairs. And the young fisherman seized Lhazé by the chest and threw him to the bottom of the stairs. And the two princes were carried off from the palace.

At the palace gate some inhabitants of the town were gathered, saying :

“ What ill-fortune for the two princes ! ”

And assembling in crowds they suffered an unbearable pain.

When the two children reached the sea-shore, Lhazé said :

“ Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan.

Look on the great ocean.

The father swan swimmeth before, the mother swan swimmeth behind and the little swans, gathered together, swim between.

Even the birds love each other, parents and little ones.

Rather than be king's sons as we are,
I would rejoice to be those swans' child.

Why are we not with our mother ?

Excellent Djroazanmo, have pity on thy children ! ”

DYROAZANMO

Speaking thus, Lhazé shed many tears.

Then the younger fisherman seized Lhazé by the chest, and as he was about to hurl him into the ocean, Lhazé said to him :

"Fisherman, hear me. Thou hast the time to throw me in the ocean.

At the moment of dying, let me say a prayer in three words.

If I pray, I shall be satisfied."

And the fisherman answered :

"If it be a good prayer, thou canst.

If it be a bad prayer, I shall not allow it."

And Lhazé said to him :

"How should I say a bad prayer ?

It is perhaps because of the bad prayers of my former life that I have this ill-fortune in this life.

Loose me that I may offer a song to the five goddesses that fly in space."

And the fisherman answered :

"I have no time to loose thee.

Say thy prayer in three words."

Then Lhazé said this prayer :

"Goddesses of the East that hold the thunderbolt ;

Whose radiant bodies are roses ;

Who are surrounded by an hundred thousand attendants ;

Who are encompassed by a crown of silk oriflammes ;

Whose spiral-wound pliant tresses form a conch on your heads ;

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Whose hands hold a sacred vase made from
a sea-shell ;

Whose feet know how to dance ;
And whose mouths sing harmonious songs ;
Show to Prince Lhazé the path of religion.
Have pity on my sister Lhazikuzan.

Because we have no longer our mother.

Mother, excellent Djroazanmo, have pity on
thy children !”

Thus did Lhazé pray the five goddesses and
gently beseech. And he shed tears as if his
heart were being torn out. Then the young
fisherman was touched with compassion in his
heart and said :

“ Elder brother, hear me.

In the time when these children had their
mother,

No one could even walk on their shadow.

Now that they are separated from their parents,
How should we dare to kill them ?

But having freed them, we will go into
another more fertile land and we will take our
families away.

Whichever way I look, I should not know
how to kill the princes.”

The elder fisherman having rejoiced, the two
brothers agreed with a single voice.

And the elder fisherman said to the divine
children :

“ Divine children, hear me.

The ogress and the ministers assembled in
counsel,

DĴROAZANMO

Have sent us, criminal fishermen, to kill you.
But we do not dare, divine children.

Now, do not return to the kingdom of Mendralgan.

If ye go there, the ogress and the ministers will not hesitate to kill you.

Not dwelling here, go far off into eastern India where faith in religion is great.

The pious old men will give you food and clothing.

Whatever they may do, eastern India is renowned.

Go there begging food and drink.

Your parents would not give you better teaching."

Having spoken, they saved the lives of the two children and they set forth for another land. And the two children were left on the seashore. As they had been king's children, they had never gone anywhere before, and they did not know which way to turn. Lhazikuzan said to Lhazé :

"Lhazé, hear me.

If we stay here, we shall have neither food nor clothing.

But, as the fishermen have taught us, let us go into eastern India.

We will beg food and drink there."

Lhazé answered :

"Elder sister, let us do so. Show the road."

And Lhazikuzan, who was five years old, showed the road. And Prince Lhazé, who was

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

three years old, followed her. Turning their faces towards the great forests of eastern India, they set forth. They arrived in an immense and thick forest. Then was Lhazé's heart filled with fear. And, remembering his mother, Lhazé said to his sister :

“ Elder sister, hear me, Lhazikuzan.

How long to-day's road is !

Will to-morrow's road be long or short ?

To-day, we have not scarcely eaten or drunk.

To-morrow, shall we have more to eat and drink ?

To-day, I remember our mother.

If we set off again to-morrow, shall we find her again ?

Our ill-fortune cometh from our mother's absence.”

Speaking thus he shed abundant tears.

Then his sister Lhazikuzan, although she did not know, but to console Lhazé, pretended to know, and said :

“ Lhazé, hear me.

To-day the road is long, but to-morrow the road will be short.

To-day we have little to eat and drink.

To-morrow we shall have food and drink in abundance.

There will be fruits of an hundred savours and there will be many of them.

To-day we remember our mother ;

To-morrow, if we set forth, we shall see her again.

DJROAZANMO

Mother, excellent Djroazanmo, thy children have a mother no longer, have pity on us."

Saying this, she sobbed enough to lose her senses.

At last Lhazikuzan showed the road and Lhazé followed her. Turning their faces towards the immense forest of eastern India, they set forth. They came to a great forest so thick that the sky could not be seen. It resounded with cries from all sorts of birds, big and little. There were monkeys and all sorts of wild beasts. And venomous snakes crawled swiftly over the land. Then Prince Lhazé, in despair and suffering with thirst, said to his sister :

"Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan.

I have only thee to think of me.

Thou hast given me nothing to eat, thou hast no plan.

Where is the valley, with its blue water?

Give me some water to keep life in me."

Thus did he speak. And his sister Lhazikuzan having kissed him, answered :

"Lhazé, hear me. Let us not stay here, but let us climb to the top of this mountain.

Let us climb this mountain in order to drink some water.

Afterwards, we will go toward eastern India."

She spake, and the two children turning their faces towards the mountain, they reached the top. But at the top of the mountain there was no water at all. Then said Lhazikuzan :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

“Lhazé, stay here a moment.

I am going to see at the bottom of this slope if there is a river.”

Having spoken, Lhazikuzan went down the mountain in search of water. But she found no river. There was only a little water mixed with mud. She drank some and thought she had no vessel for carrying water, and she asked herself what she should do. She examined her clothes, and there was a belt which her mother had made for her. She undid it and soaked it in the water mixed with mud. And she climbed back the side of the mountain, and she did not reach the top quickly.

During this time, Lhazé wanted to see come his sister who did not come. But came, not wanted, a black and venomous snake, whose breath burned like fire. The snake struck Lhazé with its breath and Lhazé fell, like dead and fallen wood. When his sister reached the summit of the mountain, she found him dead. She looked if his hands and body were cold. She took his corpse on her knees. And having kissed him mouth to mouth and heart to heart, she made heard these sorrowful laments :

“Alas! alas! what sorrow!

Alas! alas! what will become of me?

Unfortunate Lhazikuzan!

When our mother disappeared in the sky,

We remained, unfortunate brother and sister.

When our father was thrown into prison,

DJROAZANMO

We were abandoned and deprived of all charity.
Now that Lhazé is dead,
I am alone to bear the sorrow of not dying.
Alas! alas! what a suffering is life,
Rather than suffer like misfortune,
It had been better for the criminal fishermen
to throw me in the ocean.

What shall I do? What is going to become
of me?"

She spake, and embracing her brother's
body she was near to dying.

At this same time, their mother Djroazanmo
was in the land of the Taras, in the west of
the sky, and she preached before the goddesses
that fly in space. Suddenly, while she was
speaking, tears fell from her eyes. And the
Taras asked her:

"Djroazanmo, why dost thou shed tears?"

And Djroazanmo answered them:

"Mothers and goddesses that fly in space,
hear me.

According to the prediction of the five
goddesses, I married the king of the frontier
land of Monyul.

By force of prayer, I had obtained two children,
when a sudden misfortune came to me through
the demons.

Queen Hachan had a slave named Zimarango.

This slave discovered us all three, mother
and children.

And she went to tell it to the queen.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Asking herself if it were true or false, the queen went to see, and saw us.

She was stirred with wrath and said :

‘ Zimarango hath said truly.

I am Queen Hachan and thou, Djroazanmo, art come as an enemy.

If, in the course of this day, I do not eat you all three,

May the gods protectors devour me.’

And the ogress bared all her teeth and fangs three times.

At the sight of these terrifying fangs, I remembered this ;

According to the prophecy of the mothers Taras,

I should have to take my flight and depart for the good of the creatures ;

I should have to abandon my children cherished of my heart.

The ogress would persecute my children ;

And my children have been hunted from the palace and wander in the neighbouring lands.

My son hath been struck by the breath of a venomous snake,

And he dieth in an instant.

My daughter is near to dying by dint of lamentation and sorrow.

Mothers, I will resume to-morrow the sequence of my preaching.

To-day, I must show myself in visible form.”

Having spoken, she took the form of a beneficent white snake. And the beneficent

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white snake sucked Lhazé's foot, and Lhazé regained memory and life. He opened his eyes and looked at his sister, and the two children found each other again. Then the white snake gained the top of a tree and from there ascended into the sky. Lhazé then said to his sister :

“ Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan.

Thou didst not come with the water that I desired.

But came a black and venomous snake, not desired.

Its breath having struck me, I was dead in an instant.

Was it not a great sudden misfortune !

I did not understand what had happened.

And this beneficent white snake which sucked the sole of my foot,

And which from the top of the tree flew away in the space of the sky,

It can only be an incarnation of our mother.

O elder sister, if thou hadst been able to capture it,

We should have been able, mother and children, to dwell together.

Now that the white snake hath disappeared in the blue space of the sky,

We are without succour, and nothing but sorrow remaineth for us.

Sister, give me some water.”

Lhazikuzan answered him :

“ Lhazé, hear me.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

There was no water on the mountain-side.

But at the foot of the mountain there was some muddy water.

I had not a vessel and I have brought some of this water in my belt.

Because the summit is very high, I could not come in time.

And when I arrived in haste, I found Lhazé dead.

Holding his body in my arms, I sent forth lamentations.

A beneficent white snake sucked the sole of thy foot. And thou wert healed, and I was happy thereat.

I could not seize the beneficent white snake.

And now the water being spilt, there is no more."

She spake and Lhazé returned :

"Give me nevertheless what bore the water."

Lhazikuzan gave him her belt and Lhazé pulled it and pressed it on his mouth.

Then he said to his sister :

"Elder sister, hear me, Lhazikuzan.

If we stay here, the venomous black snake will return.

The venomous black snake will kill us.

Let us not stop here, let us go into eastern India.

Let us go to beg our food and raiment."

He spake and Lhazikuzan showed the road, and Lhazé followed her. And turning their faces toward the great forest of eastern India,

DJROAZANMO

they set off. They came to a black and thick forest. And there their mother took the form of a monkey and said to them :

“What two charming children !”

Then Lhazé thought the monkey was the lord of the forest and said to him :

“O monkey, we are brother and sister. Teach us where we shall find some fruit.”

The monkey answered him :

“Children, go beneath the fresh shade of the Tree of Desires.”

The two children went there and Lhazikuzan holding a switch in her hand and having climbed to the top of the tree, made all the fruit fall to the ground. And Lhazé gathered all the fruit where he was sitting and he ate the fruit, even as do the birds and monkeys. Then Lhazé learned that there were many kinds of fruit having divers flavours, and he tasted of them up to an hundred delicious flavours. Thus did he pass a happy time.

About this time, in the land of Mendralgan, Queen Hachan had the great flag flown in the blue sky. She had the great trump blown in space, and she had the great drum beaten on the earth. Then all the ministers and subjects of Mendralgan being gathered in haste, the ogress said to them these words :

“Hola ! Hear me, assembled ministers.

How did the two criminal fishermen throw the prince children into the sea ?

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

These children are eating fruit in the great forest of eastern India.

And the two fishermen have left the country with their families.

Now, set forth, ministers, holding various arms in your hands,

And take possession of the two children.

Having seized them, strip them of their clothes.

Bind their hands, their feet and their necks.

And holding the cord before and behind, bring them back to Mendragan."

And the ministers consented. And holding various arms in their hands, they went to the seashore, seeking the children's tracks. And they came into the great forest of eastern India.

There the royal child Lhazé having observed the ministers, said to his sister :

"Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan.

Here come all the ogress' ministers.

She has sent them to kill us.

Let us not stop here, but let us go into eastern India."

He spake, and the brother and the sister fleeing, set off again. Then the ministers sang this deceiving song.

"Hear us well, O princes, brother and sister.

The madness of the king your father is cured.

He hath said : ' Where are my children gone?

They are like mine eyes in my forehead.

Can I tear myself from mine eyes?

They are as my heart in my breast.

DJROAZANMO

Can I tear myself from my heart?

The ogress hath stricken them with misfortune.

May I find them again in this life!

If I do not see them again, myself will I strike to death.'

Speaking thus, your fathers suffered a great pain.

All of us, assembled ministers, could not bear his pain.

And we are come to take you back."

Thus did they speak. And Lhazé thought: "This maybe is true." And while the children were halted, all the ministers arrived.

And the ministers seized them and stripped them naked.

One minister wrapped up their garments to take them to Mendralgan. Then the other ministers bound the children behind and before. When they reached Mendralgan, Lhazé said to his sister:

"Elder sister Lhazikuzan, hear me.

Without tarrying long, we are soon going to die.

Let us contemplate the three Jewels and let us pray the Compassionate.

Our ill-fortune cometh from our mother's absence.

Excellent mother Djroazanmo, have pity on thy children."

Speaking thus, he shed many tears.

Then Lhazikuzan said to the assembled ministers:

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

“ Assembled ministers, hear me.

In the time when our mother was alive,

Ye loved us with a great love.

Now, how do you dare act like this?

Kill me, but loose Lhazé.

Without him, there will be no royal line.

If we do not die and remain safe and sound,

We will give you numerous presents.

Be pleased to save our lives.

Behold what becometh of one when one hath no longer a mother.”

Speaking thus, she wept many tears. But the ministers, without hearing them, led the children right to the gate of Mendralgan. At once the subjects of Mendralgan flocked in haste, and being assembled, they said :

“ How tired they are, these two children ! ”

And speaking thus, many wept and their hearts could not bear such sorrow. Overwhelmed with sadness, they had no means of ransoming the children, for the queen was powerful.

Meanwhile Queen Hachan came herself to meet the children, and she said this sentence :

“ Orphans, without being at the summit, ye are full of arrogance.

Without having reached even the gates, ye want the profits of the kingdom.

Orphans, ye shall not have the place of your father and mother.

To-night, sleep and rest yourselves.

DJROAZANMO

To-morrow, at sunrise, ye will be carried to the two pariah brothers fervent in crime.

And from Mount *Chingiri* of India, they will hurl you into the abyss.

This Mount Chingiri of India,

There where it is white, there is a snowy peak, white as the body of the Great Compassionate.¹

There where it is red, there is a rock red as the face of *Furious Guru*.

At its summit, it toucheth the blue sky.

At its base, it toucheth the bottom of the ocean.

It doth resound with the terrifying cry of wild beasts.

Its abyss is black and immense where ye will be thrown.

And I will throw you in a terrible way."

Having thus spoken, she shut the two little ones up and herself guarded their prison. While the two children deprived of food and clothing held each other in embrace and were near to dying, their mother Djroazanmo came near them and appeared to them living an instant.

On the morrow, at sunrise, the ogress handed them over to the two brothers pariahs. The elder seized Lhazikuzan; the younger seized Lhazé. And they whipped the two children with their sabres. And turning their faces towards Mount Chingiri of India, they set off.

In a valley of the Chingiri mountains they came across a stag with its hind and fawns. And Lhazé said to his sister :

¹ White is the colour of Avalokitesvara.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

“Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan,
Look toward the top of the valley,
The stag being the father, walketh ahead.
The hind being the mother, walketh behind.
And the fawns, happy, walk between.

Although they are animals, they know each other well, parents and little ones.

Rather than be a king's son, I would rejoice to be the stag's child.

It is because we have no longer a mother.

To such degree do we remember her!”

As he was speaking thus, they reached the summit of Mount Chingiri of India.

There, the young pariah seized Lhazé by the chest, and as he was about to hurl him into the abyss, Lhazé said to him :

“Young pariah, hear me.

Thou hast the time to hurl me into the abyss.

Let me pray a prayer of three words.

If I say this prayer, my heart will be satisfied.”

Thus did he speak. And the young pariah answered :

“So be it. I grant thee thy prayer.”

Then the royal child Lhazé chanted this prayer :

“I pray Amitayus of the glistening body,

I pray the Great Compassionate of the precious body,

I pray *Padmasambhava*, divine incarnation,

To bless and grant my prayer.

I beseech above all the five goddesses Taras that fly in space,

DJROAZANMO

Goddesses like the diamonds of the East,
Goddesses with bodies of dazzling whiteness,
And crowned with floating oriflammes,
Whose right hand stirs the *damaru*,
Whose left sounds the little bell,
And whose dancing feet strike the earth
measuredly.

From the East, stretch your white silk
scarves.

And lead the king's son Lhazé on the path
of religion.

Have pity on my sister Lhazikuzan.

Because we are brother and sister orphans.

O mother, excellent Djroazanmo, have pity
on thy children."

Thus did he pray, and he wept without being
able to contain himself. Then the elder pariah
believed and repented, and he shed abundant
tears.

And he said to his younger brother :

"Young pariah, hear me.

Once on a time, the slaves Long-Clad and
Short-Clad saved these children's lives.

And the fishermen brothers saved them
likewise.

In the time when their mother Djroazanmo
lived,

No one would have dared walk on their
shadow.

How now strike their bodies ?

Better be it to free them."

And the younger answered him :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"Elder brother, hear me.

In this world, the dearest thing is one's own life.

Elder, if thou canst not throw, I will."

And the elder resumed :

"If it is thus, thy part is the royal child Lhazé.

My part is Lhazikuzan, and I will save her."

Speaking thus he freed her. Then Lhazikuzan going before the young pariah, she greeted him and said :

"Young pariah, hear me.

Now do not throw Lhazé, but free him.

If we live both of us, brother and sister,

We will give thee numerous rewards."

But the pariah did not free. And Lhazé said to his sister :

"Elder sister, hear me, O Lhazikuzan.

This is our last meeting in this life.

Do not die, in order to illumine the shadows of mankind.

For me, whatever I do, I shall not be freed.

There is no more hope that we shall be united again in this life.

May we find each other again in the heavens of the beyond.

I do not regret dying.

Now, throw me."

And the young pariah hurled him into the abyss of Mount Chingiri of India.

But the child remained suspended in space, hovering like a bird.

DJROAZANMO

Then his mother Djroazanmo incarnated herself in four different forms. Having taken the form of two vultures from the heights, male and female, the male vulture took Lhazé on its wings and kept him from striking the rock. And one heard the female vulture say : "Lhazikuzan is not here, and I am ashamed." Having spoken, the female vulture disappeared in the sky.

While Lhazé was falling into the ocean, his mother took the form of two great fish, male and female. The big male fish took Lhazé on its fins and bore him to the seashore.

And one heard the female fish say : "Lhazikuzan is not here, and I am ashamed." Having spoken, the female fish disappeared.

Then Lhazé found himself alone on the seashore. Being a king's son formerly, he had never gone anywhere, and he stayed there, not knowing the roads.

Then came, from the Land of the Lotus, a little parrot clever at speaking, chattering and rocking itself. Greeting the royal child in its fashion, it bent its head three times before him and flew round him three times :

"Whence dost thou come this morning, where wilt thou be this evening ?

What are the names of thy father and thy mother ?

What are thy brothers and sisters and what are thy friends ?"

Lhazé answered :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"Parrot, clever at speaking, dost thou come to satisfy my heart?"

First of all, I have had the good fortune to be born with the state of man.

Further I was born king's son.

Finally I was persecuted by a demon.

My mother Djroazanmo disappeared in the blue sky.

The ogress shut my father in prison.

My sister is called Lhazikuzan.

My name is Lhazé Kundulépa.

The ogress dispatched two brothers executioners to kill us.

And the two brothers executioners spared our lives.

At this time, as we were little, we played in the garden.

The ogress saw us and delivered us to the fishermen.

The brothers fishermen led us to the sea-shore,

And as I implored, the fishermen were stricken and they saved our lives.

Then we went into the wild forest of eastern India.

In the middle of this forest the ogress' ministers carried us off.

And the ogress delivered us to the two brothers criminal pariahs.

The younger threw me into the abyss of Mount Chingiri.

But a vulture from space took me on its wings

DYROAZANMO

And keeping me from hitting the rock he bore me to the sea.

Come from the bosom of the sea, a fish took me on its fins,

And on to the dry shore bore me without danger.

Whence do I come? I come from Mendralgan.

Where shall I be this evening? I shall stay on this seashore.

I have nothing to eat, I have no raiment.

And I know not whither to go.

Little parrot, help me."

The parrot answered :

"Follow me and I will help thee."

Speaking thus, the parrot walked in its noisy way, and Lhazé followed it.

Again the parrot turned round and said :

"We are from the Land of the Lotus where we adore the Great Compassionate.

And we invoke him by the prayer in six words.

The power of this prayer hath stopped our rebirths and the royal line is extinct.

That is why it would be excellent for thee to become king of the Land of the Lotus."

Thus did he speak, and Lhazé cried :

"Shall I be king?"

And the parrot saluting in its fashion the four directions, bowed each time three times its head. Lhazé also saluted the four directions. And at the same moment a brown

"Now shall I be king of the Land of the Lotus?"

And the parrot answered :

"Thou shalt be indeed."

Then the parrot walking swiftly and in its noisy way, went near an old Brahmin hermit who lived by there and it said to him :

"O Sage, the royal line of the Land of the Lotus being extinct, there is no king.

A child three years old, incarnation of the Great Compassionate,

Is seated in the shade under the Tree of Desires.

If having invited him, we make him king of the Land of the Lotus, it would be excellent."

The old Brahmin cried out with joy and leaving his bowl with his staff, he made three times the tour of the city of the Land of the Lotus. And he said :

"O wise inhabitants of the Land of the Lotus,

Who adore the Great Compassionate,

And invoke him by the prayer in six words.

The power of this prayer has stopped our rebirths.

And the line of our kings is extinct.

DYROAZANMO

Behold there is a child of three, incarnation
of the Great Compassionate,

Seated in the shade beneath the Tree of
Desires.

This hath been told me by a parrot that
knoweth the language of men.

If we lead this child to the throne of the
Land of the Lotus,

Our prosperity and our wealth will increase."

Then the inhabitants of the Land of the
Lotus being assembled answered him :

"Thou art only an old Brahmin who re-
joiceth that the royal line is extinct.

We are going to kill thee."

And they threatened him. Some said :

"Speak not thus. But hear what the old
man saith.

The flight of birds must be observed.

Parrots pronounce augurs.

It is proper we should go to see."

Speaking thus, all went to see. And they
saw the royal child Lhazé seated in the shade
under the Tree of Desires. All were filled
with joy.

Then they carefully saddled the horse *Golden
Swan*. And they made a procession with
sunshades, flags of victory, flags of prayer,
canopies, with all kinds of music and incense.
And they led the royal child Lhazé to the
throne of the Land of the Lotus. Hence-
forward necessities and riches increased in
inconceivable quantities.

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Meanwhile Lhazikuzan was thinking in her heart :

“ Now that Lhazé, like to my heart, is no more,

Being thrown in the abyss of the Chingiri of India.

Nothing is left for me but to kill myself.”

And as she was preparing to kill herself the elder pariah who had saved her life, stopped her killing herself. He took her on his back and he went down the mountain. And the pariah thought to himself :

“ I have piled up sins in my former life.

That is why I am born pariah and criminal.

And in this life I pile up still more crimes.

I have caused the two princes many troubles.

After my death I shall not avoid hell.

Accordingly, I am going to kill myself.”

Thinking thus, he put Lhazikuzan on the ground, and seizing his span-long knife, he was about to strike his heart. But Lhazikuzan thought :

“ It is not proper that a strong man should cut his life for a little girl like a fly.”

And with her hand soft as silk, taking the pariah's hand hard as a bird's claw, she was like a fly which throws itself into the flame of a fire. And she said :

“ Thou didst save my life. Now will I save thine.

He who killeth himself will have to kill himself again during five hundred existences.

DYROAZANMO

Suffering inconceivable punishment.

Forgo killing thyself therefore."

Thus did she speak. And he rising forth-with :

"If that be so, go to the other side of the mountain of the Land of the Lotus,

Where is the great tribe of the shepherds of the Land of the Lotus.

Thou wilt beg from them food and drink."

Having thus spoken, he returned to his country.

Then Lhazikuzan went down the side of the mountain. As formerly the two brothers fishermen had led her across mountains and valleys, as the ministers had led her across mountains and valleys, as the brothers pariahs had led her across mountains and valleys, her feet and knees suffered cruelly. And being able to advance no more, she stayed on the slope of the mountain, but a god's daughter came to suck her knees, and her knees were healed.

Then Lhazikuzan thought :

"Now shall I find at the foot of the mountain

The body of Lhazé who was thrown into the gulf of the Chingiri?

If I do not come across his corpse,

There will be perhaps some remnants of his hair and bones."

Thinking thus, she reached the foot of the mountain, on the seashore. But Lhazé's body was not there. There were, mingled, the whitened or blackened bones of other criminals

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

thrown in the abyss. Lhazikuzan thought that Lhazé's bones were there, and she picked up some hair and some bones. Then she went near the Brahmin hermit, and begged him to make with them three little figures for Lhazé's three years, then she begged him to close them in a stupa. Then she honoured them by going round them.

At last she went among the shepherds of the Land of the Lotus to beg food and drink. A shepherd's wife gave her some flour and questioned her. But there, a dog having bitten her in the leg, Lhazikuzan was sick and stayed three months.

When she was healed, the wives of the shepherds gave her a cloak made of scraps of all colours joined, and they gave her an old charity-bowl. And they said :

“ Daughter, if thou shalt cross the mountain, On the other side thou wilt see the palace of the king of the Land of the Lotus.

The people of that country are virtuous. Go there to beg.”

And Lhazikuzan came before the gate of the palace of the king of the Land of the Lotus. She placed her cloak behind her and her charity-bowl before her. Looking at the palace she prostrated herself and implored :

“ To me, little beggar-girl, give food and raiment.”

And from the top of the palace a voice answered :

DYROAZANMO

" Little beggar-girl, whence dost thou come ?
Where wilt thou be to-night ?

What is thy father's name ?

What is thy mother's name ?

Hast thou no mother ?

Who are thy brothers, thy sisters and thy friends ?

And what is thine own name ? "

And Lhazikuzan kneeling and joining the palms of her hands, spake thus :

" Alas ! alas ! precious king.

I come first of all from the land of Mendralgan.

My mother's name is Djroazanmo.

She disappeared in the sky and I have a mother no more.

My father's name is Kalaombo.

The ogress shut him in prison and I have a father no more.

My little brother's name is Lhazé Kundulépa.

The pariah threw him into the abyss, and I have a brother no more.

My own name is Lhazikuzan.

To-night, I shall stay in the Land of the Lotus.

O great king, give me charity."

Speaking thus, she stretched her arms towards the king. And the king thought aside :

" But I, too, am from Mendralgan.

And my father was called Kalaombo.

And my mother Djroazanmo.

And my sister Lhazikuzan.

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She can only be my sister."

Asking himself if it were true, he descended the great steps, jumped the little steps and he reached the palace gate. Then the brother and the sister recognized each other. And holding each other in embrace they fell in a swoon. Immediately the ministers sprinkled them with santal water and called them back to life. And they bathed Lhazikuzan in a piscina. And they dressed her again in a garment of silk and pantseli. And they adorned her with diamond jewels. Then the brother and the sister sat down on a throne of precious gold and on a throne of turquoise, and they ruled over the Kingdom of the Lotus. Henceforward, the riches increasing more than formerly, the prosperity of the kingdom was inconceivable.

Before a long time had passed, in the land of Mendralgan, the queen ogress Hachan flew the great flag in the blue sky, she had the great trump sounded in space, and she had the great drum beaten on the terrace. Then the subjects of Mendralgan and the ministers being gathered in haste, the queen said to them :

"Hear me, assembled ministers.

The two brothers pariahs, unconscious of crime,

DÏROAZANMO

Did not throw the two princes into Chingiri of India.

But these children are seated on the throne of the Land of the Lotus.

We must declare a great war on them.

For if we do not carry the war into their country,

They may carry it into ours."

Thus did she speak. And the ministers approved. And the queen became the general of war.

Then the army of Mendralgan reached the right side of the Land of the Lotus. On the left side the men of the Land of the Lotus formed the king's army. And the two armies clashed on the forefront of the kingdom of the Lotus. The army of Mendralgan was vanquished, and the army of the Land of the Lotus was victorious. Then Queen Hachan was stirred with wrath, and revealing her demon's nature, she put out her fangs and threw her breasts on her shoulders in order to fight.

But King Lhazé had learned that he was an incarnation of the Great Compassionate; Lhazikuzan knew that she incarnated a Tara; and they knew that the time was come for taming the demon Hachan. King Lhazé stopped his horse and he hurled an infallible and death-bearing spear. And the spear pierced the ogress' heart and killed her. And the demon was subjugated.

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Then Lhazé delivered his father from the prison, and father and son found each other again. The kingdom of Mendralgan and the kingdom of the Lotus united were the kingdom of the Compassionate. And the two princes ruled according to the doctrine.

At last, numerous years having passed, the king the father died and he went into the West, to the abode of the Taras that fly in space.

Still numerous years passed. King Lhazé became a white lotus, and he was absorbed into the heart of the Great Compassionate. And Lhazikuzan became a blue umpala flower.





INDEX

Amitayus. Tib.: *Od-dpag-med*: Light unbounded, or, *Snang-ba-mtah-yas*: Limitless Radiance, name of Buddha.

Avalokiteçvara. See *Great Compassionate*.

Barking Iron-Hawk. Tib.: *Ltchags-khra-ab-chés*. (Hawk of Iron who knows how to bark.) Dog's name.

Beautiful. Tib.: *mdzes-mà*. Brahmin woman's name.

Bodhisattwa. Being that is perfect but not yet Buddha.

Ching-gi-ri of India. Trans. Mount of the Forest of India. Name of mountain.

Djroazanmo. Pr. of *Hgro-ba-bzang-mo*. Trans. Good to creatures.

Furious Guru. Tib.: *Guru-drag-dmar*. (Red doctor of fury.) This word, *drag-dmar*, is often confounded with *ltag-dmar*, red tiger, divinity devourer of men.

Gnaris. Pr. of *Mgna-ris*. Province of Occidental Tibet.

Great Compassionate. Tib.: *Thugs-rdje-tchen-po*. Name of Bodhisattwa Avalokiteçvara.

Hachan. Habitual Pr. of *Ha-tchang*. Name given to the demons of legends.

Héruka. Name of terrible spirit.

Hor. Oriental province of Tibet, independent of Lha-sa.

Kalaombo. Pr. of *Ka-la-dhang-po*. Name of king of Mendragan.

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Lhasé Kundulépa. Pr. of *Lha-sras-Kun-tu-légs-pa*. (Son of god, all good.) Name of Djroazanmo's son.

Lhasikuzan. Pr. of *Lha-jig-kun-tu-bzang-mo*. (Unique goddess, all good.) Djroazanmo's daughter.

Land of the Lotus. Tib.: *Padma-tchan*.

Long-Clad. Tib.: *gag*, or, *hgags*, or, *gog-tch'en*. Executioner's name.

Lowo. Pr. of *glo-bo*, Brahmin's name. Probable significance: Who coughs. Old man's name.

Mendralgan. Country of King Kalaombo. (Crest of the land of Mandala.) Indian name and survival of ancient division of India in twelve empires for the lands situated in the south-west of Orissa (eastern India).

Mön. Name of tribe and country in the Himalayas. From the most ancient times and in our day still, these tribes live by hunting and are consequently rebels to Buddhism.

Padmasambhava. Tib.: *Padma-hbyung-gnas*. (Born of the Lotus.) Name of the doctor who preached Buddhism in the eighth century.

Potala. Name of the holy mountain on which is constructed the palace of the Tale-lama, at Lha-sa.

Short-Clad. Tib.: *Gag*, or, *hgags*, or, *gog-tch'on*. (Little rag.) Executioner's name.

Swan of Gold. Tib.: *Gnang-pa-gser-ldan*. Name given to legendary horses.

Tara. Tib.: *Sgral-ma*. Feminine divinities protectors of religion.

Tree of Desires. *Ching-dpag-bsam*. Fabulous tree that satisfies all desires.

Trinadzín. (Unknown significance.) Minister's name.

White Feet. Tib.: *bra*, or, *kra* (?) *-nag-rting-dkar*. (Black hairs? white extremities.) Horse's name.

DYROAZANMO

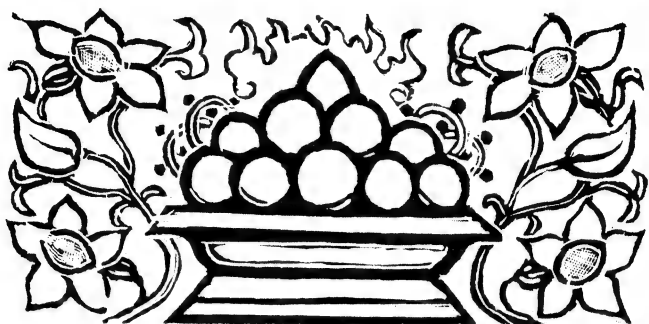
Who taketh the heart. Yid-hdzin. Horse's name.

Who knoweth How to Steal like the Wild Goose.

Tib.: *Gnang-pa-hphur-chés. Horse's name.*

Zimarango. Pr. of Gzi-ma-ra-mgo. (Magnificent Goat's Head.) Name of Queen Hachan's slave.





NANSAL

INTRODUCTION

NANSAL is a work completely different from the preceding drama. It is more civilized, and, I think, later. It is a picture of Tibetan manners and a philosophic drama. In it there is nothing of the marvellous. It is also a study of characters where everything is normal and controlled.

There is no prologue, no exposition; also, there is hardly any action and this begins in the first lines.

Nansel Heudéboum or *Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights* is a young girl of noble family who has nothing that is not natural, unless it be a great inclination for mysticism and holiness. Her parents send her to the theatre. Nansal does not go there without repugnance and shyness. There she is remarked by the powerful governor of the country, who

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asks her in marriage and marries her. Married, she is unhappy, hated, despite her gentleness, by the women of her husband's family. She runs away to her parents, where her husband finds her and leaves her, respecting her freedom. This last trait is essentially Tibetan.¹

But there, in her old, maiden's, room, though she enjoys material peace, she does not find peace of heart. Her mother, a good woman, but something of a Pharisee, cannot comprehend this thirst for the ideal, this need of other things, when one has all the satisfactions of wealth and when one observes the ceremonies of religion. Nansal ends by fleeing from her father's house too; she takes refuge in the convent, then in the desert. The mother, grieved, seeks her daughter and finds her in a grotto near the convent, plunged in contemplation. Nansal's heart is touched by her mother's grief, but the mother's heart is not touched by the daughter's godliness. The piece ends with a disenchanted dialogue on both sides and the dialogue is closed by a prayer from Nansal for her mother's conversion.

This is the very simple story of the heroine who has given her name to the piece. The defect of this work is that it is a long monologue from Nansal, a collection of homilies rather too

¹ I had already made this observation on the subject of marriage in Tibet, in the *Ethnographical and Sociological Review*, May-August, 1912, p. 208: "A young woman can, during the first two years of her marriage, return to her parents' house or even not leave her family. Marriage is definitive only after these two years of trial."

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often repeated. Nansal's character is rather cold. One feels she belongs to the Buddhism reformed by Tsongkapa in the fourteenth century. But then she is only all the more touching when she shows emotion: a mother's emotion when she abandons her child, a daughter's emotion when she sees her mother again.

The other personages are very secondary. The women, extreme as in life, perverse or excellent, are the best drawn of the piece. The men, Nansal's father and husband, always as in life, are nobodies, neither good nor bad. Alone, Nansal's brother-in-law or son-in-law is brutal and coarse. On reading, one will see there is a confusion between these two personages and between these two personages with Rinag. The contradictions caused by this confusion can only be attributed to an error in copying. The text, manuscript, is indeed very poor and filled with faults. I have had to respect it, and with it the error and the confusion. The reader, warned, will be willing to see therein only the copyist's ignorance or inattention.

The places, too, require defining. The Chief Rinag, governor of Tsang, has two residences, a town palace and a country house. This second residence is not well determined in the text. It is called the pasture, but the harvest is gathered there. In fact, the little kings of Tibet of to-day do have these very different

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residences: a castle in the valley, surrounded by cultivated fields, and the pasture which is a tent village that changes its place from one year to the other on plateaux and at a considerably greater altitude. Here these two kinds of residences must be united in the place called *The Meadows* or *The Pasture* of Rinag.

The district of Nyang, and, consequently, Hodka, Nansal's natal land, belongs to the government of Tsang.

From the Buddhist point of view, the drama of Nansal presents an interesting anomaly. The Buddhist doctrine of transmigration has never been much altered and it admits further of no reservation. According to their merits or demerits, creatures are reborn in different degrees of the hierarchy of beings, man being able to be reborn man in a superior or inferior degree of humanity. Nansal, in her numerous discourses, repeats several times that only once can one obtain the state of man.¹ Is there a penetration of the Occidental dogma? I do not know.

One cannot but be struck by the advanced and subtle character permeating the work. The lama's first lesson to the young girl has the moral tendency of a François de Sales. He teaches her that duty lies not in the soarings of mysticism, but in the modest and often painful execution of the work of the home.

¹ *Mi lus thob pa lan kig yin.*

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Only a few names, a few words would have to be changed to make of Nansal a heroine of the *Golden Legend*.

Nansal is an edifying work, edifying for the young girl especially. It has all the charm and also all the rather dull preciousness that works of this kind often have. But there will be found here a flavour peculiar to this genre, if one bears in mind that *Nansal* is born, read and played in a country reputed barbarous, inaccessible, isolated from the world, all desert and ice, only penetrated by a few explorers, formidably equipped.

NANSAL

GLORY to the Master ! Let Buddha be born in the heart of him who shall have said the very holy teaching which is going to follow.

In the land of Hodka, in Upper Nyang, there was a father of a family called *Delivered from the Terrible* ; a mother called *Brilliant White Raiment* and their daughter called *Nansal Heudéboum* (Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights). This young girl was marked with the signs of godliness. When barely four times three years old, she knew holy writ naturally, without having needed to learn it. When she was three times five years old, the summit of her soul being drawn by religion, the pomp of the world disappeared from her eyes.

About this time, in the monastery of Néñing (Heart of the Holy Place), in Upper Nyang, on the occasion of the realization of the spells, there was a performance and a blessing. The mother said :

“ To-morrow maketh one day, after to-morrow two days ;

After to-morrow, third day, in the monastery of Néñing,

As there is realization of the spells,

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Having washed thy hair and having decorated it with ornaments,

Nansal, thou shalt go to the spectacle."

Nansal answered :

"The spectacle I see through spiritual contemplation is excellent.

The theatrical performance is a lesser spectacle."

The mother said :

"Our near relations being ill, will not be there.

That is why thou shalt go to the spectacle."

Nansal answered :

"Then I shall go without making myself ready and with my hair like tanglewood."

When Nansal, followed by her servitors, reached the spectacle, in accordance with her father's and her mother's order, she did not seat herself in the front row or in the last row, but she seated herself in the middle. As the performance was about to begin, the spectators happening to rise, Nansal asked herself what there was, and she looked. Rinag, the chief, governor of Tsang, with a numerous suite, arrived at the feast. Nansal asked herself in which row he would sit down. He sat down in the upper row, on a raised and separate seat. The spectacle was great and full of a great benediction. Rinag, the chief, said :

"Thou, my confidant, *Courageous Happiness*, at the ceremony of Néñing,

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This young girl hath placed herself in the middle, like the star between the higher constellations and the lower constellations of the Zodiac.

She is not like mankind, but seemeth the daughter of a god.

Ask what her country is and what her family.

If she be of noble family, she hath the chance of being the wife of Rinag, the chief."

Courageous Happiness answered :

"Good. This young girl once she were dressed would be the higher constellation in this assembly of Néñing."¹

Being come before Nansal, he said :

"O chief ornament of mankind and of the gods in this constellation,

Thou art perfect as the peach-tree which is crowned with ornaments of turquoise and silk ;

O young girl, where is thy motherland,

What is thy father's name ;

What is thy mother's name ;

And what is thine own name ? "

He spake, and Nansal thought to herself :

"If I do not speak to this chamberlain by means of deceit,

The chief, who is powerful, will reprimand my father and my mother and me."

Having thought thus, she said :

"O page of the lord, hear me.

¹ The word constellation does not seem to be used only as an image, but also as corresponding to the categories of seats for the spectators.

NANSAL

My motherland is down in the region of lakes and solitudes.

My father is a fisherman¹ in the region of lakes and solitudes ;

My mother is blacksmith¹ down in the region of lakes and solitudes.

And I, young girl, I am daughter at once of blacksmith and murderer.²

The jewels, turquoises and clothes thou seest here have been borrowed from rich men."

She spake. And the chamberlain having come before Rinag, he said to him :

" Precious chief, hear me.

Although I carefully asked the young girl what was her birth, she did not answer me precisely.

If the chief giveth her some trifling present

And if he question the young girl,

Will she not answer straightforwardly ? "

And the chief gave a pyramid of gold, of turquoises and of fruit. Then the chamberlain led Nansal's handmaid to the side of the upper constellation and questioned her. The servant answered :

" Her motherland is the government of the frontiers.

Her father's name is *Excellent Lucky Man*.

Her mother's name is *Light of Nyang*.³

¹ Two professions despised in Tibet and left to the lowest class.

² Murderer because a fisher of fish.

³ Names different from the first, but more distinguished and destined to enhance the prestige of Nansal's family.

Most of the names of persons and places, in Nansal, have gained by translation. As they form prepositions, we underline to distinguish them from the rest of the sentence.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The young girl herself is called *Nansal Heudéboum*.

If Rinag saith that he wisheth her as spouse in his abode,

Must she henceforward press eagerly to his side?"

The chamberlain returned to his master and said:

"Precious chief, hear me.

Having questioned carefully, I have received the certain answer that the young girl is of good birth."

Then the chamberlain planted a beribboned arrow in the young girl's hair.¹

The spectacle finished, all the men, with Rinag the chief, returned to their land.

Three days afterward, a Wednesday, auspicious day, Rinag the chief reached the government of the frontiers.

And he said:

"To-day, let us invite everyone to drink beer,
And boil tea all of ye."

Then the mother swept her house with four columns and eight beams, and she spread an excellent carpet. The chief having taken his place there, the father said to him:

"O chief, whose glory cannot be borne,

If thou hast any reason to make us respected reproaches,

Make them now openly."

¹ Betrothal custom to distinguish the betrothed girl from her companions.

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Having spoken, he did not dare take either beer or tea. The mother *Brilliant White Raiment* said to the father :

“Accept this beer. Thou must, decrepit old male. Thou must, little stomach.”

Having spoken thus, she accepted the beer. Then the chief said :

“Your daughter, say not that she hath flown away into the sky,

Say not that she hath slipped beneath the earth;

Say not that a powerful man hath ravished her;

Say not that a rich man hath seduced her.

From to-day forward, she is the wife of Rinag, of the Land of the Prairies.”

Having spoken, he left the father a heavy lid of gold as sign of power. Then he returned home. Then the mother having called a goldsmith skilled in beating gold and silver, she had golden jewels and silvern jewels beaten. She had fur raiment sewn.

On a favourable day, Nansal left as spouse for Rinag's pasturages. As she had washed her hair, she thought :

“If I cut this head of hair at the feet of a good lama,

And if I wore the yellow robe with the orange cloak,¹

If I circled the flesh stupas of my breasts with the cord of contemplation,²

¹ Buddhist monk's habit.

² The stupas are little pagodas, the cupola of which contains relics. The cord of contemplation is designed to hold the body and hands so that they may not give way during contemplation.

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In short if I entered in religion,
This powerful chief would carry off my
mother's goods,

And even if he killed me, he would still ruin
my father and my mother.

And now I am about to savour the world."

As she was thinking thus, she arrived.

Rinag having reached the pasturage, his son¹
(the lama) *Who Meriteth his Renown* seated
himself on a raised seat and offered propitiatory
prayers. Nansal thought :

"Seeing that I should have these prayers
said by an excellent lama,

These prayers said by a profane chief are a
deception."

And she wept. Then Rinag's follower said :

"To be congratulated and called happy, one
must not weep."

Nansal thought that was true, and she stayed.

Then a year passed. At the end of the
autumn a son was born. Rinag the chief, full of
glory, went into Upper Nyang. *Who Meriteth
his Renown* went to the monastery of Néñing.
*Who Realizeth Desired Glory*² went among the
shepherds.

Rinag's mother and sister hated Nansal.
Three days after the son's birth was the
harvest. The mother-in-law came and said to
Nansal :

"Wilt thou do the work to-day?"

¹ Presented further on as Rinag's brother.

² Rinag's other son.

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Nansal answered her :

" I am too tired to work to-day."

And she remained stretched out. The mother-in-law, returning :

" It is thy turn to work to-day."

Nansal thought :

" Death is preferable to this life without religion."

Having wrapped her child in a little tunic and carrying him in her own satin tunic, she set forth. The cowherds were drawn up on the harvest-field. At sight of Nansal, they stared at one another with astonished eyes, saying :

" The mistress is not coming to work with us !"

Then, the sister-in-law, named *Thousand-Parrots*, waving Nansal aside right and left, said laughing :

" Command us for to-day's work."

Nansal answered :

" I am tired and I will not do it."

Thousand-Parrots then said :

" Thou art the daughter of a noble father ; we, being servants, will not command the work. It is for thee to command it."

And the women slid into the ranks of the harvesters.

The monks of the monastery of Néñing came for alms. They asked charity of Nansal.

Nansal answered them :

" I can decide nothing here. I am a poor

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girl bandied to the right and to the left. Go present yourselves to these women."

The monks withdrew, making merry. They asked charity of the two women. These grew angry :

"Do ye not distinguish the masters from the servitors? there is a mistress over there. She is clad in brocade and stayeth in peace."

Then the monks returning to Nansal asked alms of her. Nansal said to them :

"It is out of mockery that they refused you alms. They have been making game of you. It is to me charity should be given."

Having spoken, she gave the monks a very small present. And the monks offered Nansal a precious incense, saying that they were more content with Nansal's present than with all the presents given by the others. And they bowed to her with outstretched hands. Nansal said to them :

"In my country ye would be given as much as ye could carry and people would serve you. In this country, I cannot give you much."

And she stretched out her hands in offering.

Then the monks received elsewhere other presents. After which, having gathered them all in numerous bundles, they departed. The sister-in-law, *Thousand-Parrots*, to humiliate the mistress, said :

"Are these monks thy relations? If they are, let them enter and offer them seats. If they are not, why do these monks carry away so

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many loads of corn? Neither we, nor Rinag, tolerate such things in the pasturages."

Having spoken, she pushed Nansal over on the left, and from the left, she threw her over on the right. She tore out her hair like mown grass. Then the workers interposed, saying:

"A man would strike, but this woman would kill."

And seizing Nansal, they separated them. All the mediators gathering round fanned Nansal's face. Then going to their food store, they offered her all sorts of green beer. Nansal took the beer and uttered long groans. The mother-in-law said:

"The chief is tenacious in his wishes. When he seeth how to-day's work hath been commanded, he will groan lengthily."

As many workmen, having answered her, went away, the mother-in-law resumed:

"This woman is very beautiful in the chief's eyes. My daughter, after what thou hast done to this woman, is not the chief capable of killing us both mother and daughter?"

And she threw at her daughter a stone as big as the thumb. It reached her head. The daughter, terrified, cried many words and rising precipitately fled.

Then *Who Meriteth his Renown* returned from his visit to the monastery of Néning. In his path his sister was asleep. He said to himself:

"How is this girl asleep?"

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At this moment, during the autumn, as well give one's hand to the dog."

The elder brother grew wroth and, red with anger, he threatened the young girl, saying:

"Girl of nothing, is it thus that thou dost my work?"

And he scolded her roundly.

"And now, do not cry, I tell it thee."

Having spoken thus he set off again. Nansal stood leaning on the seat-back. *Who Meriteth his Renown* arrived. Nansal thought:

"There is the master of the house arriving."

And rising in haste, she held his horse by the bridle. He dismounted from the horse and said:

"This girl is *An Hundred-thousand Lights*. What is this method of working?"

And he seized her by the hair. Nansal said:

"This year Rinag has a rich harvest. Because there was no room, they sent me back."

"Beggar-girl! Thou dost seize on everything that presenteth itself to thy wicked mind."

He spake and, drawing his sabre, struck her all over the body, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. The workmen throwing themselves in between held him back. When Nansal, fainted, had recovered her senses, she shed tears. She thought:

"From him, it is worse than from people deprived of religion."

NANSAL

And she wept :

“ If anyone can answer him, it is my mother.

Likewise, if my mother doth not answer, it is the work of my former life.

For myself, one single day without religion doth involve a much longer suffering.”

Thinking thus, she wept.

Just at that moment two hermits come from nowhere arose. They sang this song on the impermanence of life :

“ Hail to the venerable doctors !

Bless us that we may be saved.

So long as the doctrine doth not reign, it is not time to unroot hostile miseries.

Fall at the feet of the lama, union with whom is efficacious.

And may he lead thee to religion by all the different ways.

There is happiness, elsewhere is evil.

And the hungry demons of hell will entice thee.

The revelling children,

The soldiers who know not shame sleep on the threshold of their door,

While one payeth not one's debts, one hath recourse to lies.

And even without that, because one cannot leave one's debt,

One is tormented by envy within one's house.

The hungry demons are masters of the house where one eateth not.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Man hopeth still for happiness at the moment
of dying.

And he is struck with the stick like the
old ox.

The mother-in-law, like a tigress, roareth on
the threshold of her door.

The children rejected like hungry demons
are in tears.

The master of the house who knocketh is hell.

Thou alone making thy happiness, go to
religion.

Turning thine eyes from the world,

Leave to others worldly goods.

Without material body, one would not suffer
from hunger.

Having children is a useless suffering.

After they have driven away their parents
full of grace ;

What friend will they recognize in their
parents ?

Thou alone making thy happiness, go to
religion.

Except in the season of abundance, in the
pasturages of the North,

Would not the harvester return home with
empty hands ?

Without an axe, in the thickets of the South,

Would not the woodman return home with
empty hands ?

Without religion, during the condition of man,

Would one not return home deprived of
blessedness ?

NANSAL.

Theabyss of the three damnations is immense.
Thou alone making thy happiness go to religion."

Thus spake the hermits. Nansal thought they were right. Having taken a little bag of flour and a quarter of meat which a servant friend possessed, she offered them to the hermits and said to them :

"Be pleased to lead me to an excellent lama.
Be pleased to show me the mediocre lama.
Be pleased to indicate to me the evil direction."

The hermits answered :

"Thou and we are the recluses of religion.

In the North, in Upper Nyang, there is a monastery called *Sébrag*. Like a lotus with eight full-blown leaves.

There liveth a lama named *Excellent Çakya who Sheweth the Path of Deliverance*.

He is versed in mysticism and in religious science.

When he doth contemplate during the day,
he is Buddha of the day ;

If he doth contemplate during the night,
he is Buddha of the night.

He can even raise himself in space and contemplate among the birds.

Young girl, go toward this lama."

Having spoken thus, they disappeared. The evening was come. The precious sheep and the flocks came home. The illustrious chief and his sons arrived. Nansal came before them. And as she was offering a cup of wine,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

the chief who from love sighed deeply, looked at her his eyelids fluttering. And he said :

“ My wife doth not hold herself upright as usual.

To-day her complexion is black.

A work painful for others doth make her weep with difficulty.

My girl, what is the matter to-day ? ”

Then the workmen told the story :

“ The sister-in-law should leave a married woman in peace.

Even when the chief is at home, this girl, *Thousand-Parrots*, out of wickedness, doth not allow the chief's wife to eat.

Such actions show so hostile a hatred that there is matter for tears.”

And speaking thus the workmen wept.

The chief having fallen in a swoon, recovered himself and said :

“ First of all we three, father and sons, being agreed in counsel, we have been deceived. Since such is the case, we are going father and sons in turn to die.”

Speaking thus he rose suddenly from his seat and drew his sword. Nansal stretching out her arms turned him from his son :

“ Hear thy young wife's prayer.”

The chief sat down again. Then Nansal thought :

“ If I consider the king and my brother-in-law, I can stay here as mistress of the house.

If I consider my mother-in-law and my

NANSAL

sister-in-law, I do not know whether I should stay or whither I should go.

But *Who Meriteth his Renown* will contradict me.

Then I must go to religion."

And she said:

"I am going to prepare thy fire.

Ye, cowherds, sleep to-night early and to-morrow rise very early."

Having spoken, she lit the fire in the hearth and she went out. She thought to herself:

"If I stay here, what shall I do?"

Having wrapped her child in a little tunic and carrying him in her own satin tunic she departed. Reaching the threshold of the door, she said:

"Never shall I be able to cross the threshold of this door."

Speaking thus she crossed the threshold and departed. The pale moon of the fifteenth day was rising. Nansal thought in her heart:

"Here is an excellent omen for a nun. Sinner that I am, doth religion come to me?"

And she went to her mother's house. Although the distance was short, her fatigue was such that she arrived only toward the end of the night. She knocked at the door, but nobody came to answer to the noise. She knocked at the wall of her mother's room. Her mother said to herself:

"This can only be my daughter.

I have not heard tell that she was happy."

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

She asked :

“ What misfortune is there ? Who is there ? ”

“ It is unhappy Nansal.

Open the door for me.”

Then the mother rose very quickly, very quickly, to open the door. Having very quickly lit the lamp, she raised it in the air saying :

“ Is it thee, Nansal ? ”

Without saying a word, Nansal advanced before her mother. The mother said :

“ My daughter, why dost thou come in the middle of the night ? Other people’s daughters come back to see their parents after two or three months. Thou hast not come back for a whole year. And now that thou comest at last, it is in the middle of the night.”

And thus did the mother grumble.

Nansal put her son on her mother’s breast and she fell senseless. The women caught hold of her by the arm. And the mother cried in her ear :

“ My daughter, what hath happened to thee ? ”

Nansal came to herself. Her mother gave her some nutmeg mixed with wine, and Nansal breathed. Her mother said to her :

“ My daughter, whence cometh a like suffering ? ”

And she asked her her story. Nansal told all that hath just been related. Then the mother fell senseless. Later the day broke. The people of the place learned that Nansal

NANSAL

had come back. Joyous, they came innumerable to render her homage with presents. Then the illustrious chief himself arrived :

“ Ah, ah, there she is !

She hath not been carried off or lost.

But she hath gone to see her father and her mother. I will send thee a man to accompany thee.”

Having spoken, he went away again. Some days passed in feasts of beer and rejoicings. Sometimes she looked from the top of her high room. She saw poor weavers, workmen making bales of wool, and townsmen preparing their stalls for the market. There were many travellers. The young girls assembled in a choir were singing. The old men gathered together said it was hot, for the weather was fine. The children played hide-and-seek, playing ardently. Nansal thought to herself :

“ In the weavers’ yard, if I, too, had a weaving-loom I should be glad.”

She went downstairs. And she unhooked a shuttle from the cupboard and took it away. She said to her mother :

“ To-day I am going to weave.”

Her mother answered :

“ Art thou not the mistress, *An Hundred-thousand Lights* ?

Dost thou call thyself *An Hundred-thousand Lights* weaver ?

It is servitors’ work.”

And Nansal answered her :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"I will weave what the servitors have not finished weaving."

And she went into the weavers' yard and she wove in her old place. The morning was warm and windless. The men were very gay. And the afternoon passed. A black cloud chanced to obscure the sky and a tempest of wind arose.

The old men said :

"To-day it hath been warm.

Now a black cloud obscureth the sky.

Let us all go home."

And they went home. The young girls themselves separated. The weavers said :

"It will be fine to-morrow.

Now the day is obscured.

The world is not yet finished."

Having spoken, the poor artisans separated also. The two daughters of the brother of Nansal's mother stayed. Nansal thought in her heart :

"Alas! the beauty of the day is ephemeral.

To-day hath been serene.

Now it is obscured.

And the wind is risen in tempest.

It is the image of my parents, of our neighbours and of all these people gathered here.

Because they are happy, they live without religion.

All, in the space of sixty and ten years will die, many of illness, without their expecting it.

And they practise neither religion nor virtue."

NANSAL

And Nansal said to her two cousins :

“Ye two young girls, hear me.

To-day and to-morrow there is an assembly of numerous men.

All present at this hour will die one day without a sole exception.

We do not suspect it.

Remember a moment that ye are without religion and pray, both of ye.”

The two girls answered :

“If we pray, let us pray that our destinies be like Nansal’s.

If not, that one of us three may go to serve by the chief.

That another doth the selling.

That the third stayeth happily at home.”

Thus spake one ; the other said :

“Let us be mistresses all three.

May one of us command ;

May the other do the selling ;

May the third stay happy in the town.”

Nansal said to them :

“To arrive at the quality of man is rare as the stars in full daylight.

What is created returneth in once to its point of departure.

And it can no longer acquire the quality of man.

One knoweth not when one will die.

And nobody hath the power to stop himself from walking to death.”

Thinking thus, Nansal shed many tears.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

At this moment there came by a daughter of the chief named *Rich in Happiness*. And she said :

“ Elder sister, to-day thy face is sad. Have thy father and mother scolded thee, causing thy tears ?

Is thy little child dead ?

Hath Chief Rinag met with some sudden accident ? ”

Hundred-thousand Lights answered :

“ Daughter *Rich in Happiness*, hear me.

My father and my mother have not scolded me.

My son is not dead.

Chief Rinag is in good health.

All these ephemeral things, at the moment of dying, are not useful like religion.

The world of transmigration filleth me with sadness.

I cannot endure the suffering of the three damnations.

When one doth remember the holy doctrine of our origin, there is subject for tears.”

She spake, and *Rich in Happiness* answered :

“ Elder sister, speak not like this.

Thy father and mother and thy relations are in good health.

Thy perfect body is like to that of a goddess.

Thou art skilled in all the work of the world.

Thou hast turquoises, raiment and countless jewels.

Thou dost possess all desirable things.

NANSAL

Speak not then this offensive language.
A daughter like me is disinherited.
I have neither jewels nor finery ;
I bear not a father's desired name.¹
I have not the desired husband.
I have every motive for practising religion.
But speak not, thou, of entering religion.
Fold thy weaving loom and go back home."
And Nansal resumed :

" Since one doth obtain only once the condition of man ;

After living in impiety.

One doth return backward, corruption in one's heart.

I am going then to sing a song of prayer.

Ye three retain it.

Repeat it to the weavers.

Later ye will explain it and will give it as example to follow.

May the sinning, weaving woman lead to religion.

May she bless for the union of the body and the soul with her precepts.

Hear me well, *Rich in Happiness*, thy language is not pure.

The existence of the three worlds is a source of suffering.

I take weaving as example of my song.

This little seat where, young wife, I was seated.

If it is the basis of faith, I rejoice thereat.

¹ I am an illegitimate child.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

If I keep it unchangingly, I shall be happy.

I go to religion without tarrying.

Hundred-thousand Lights goeth to religion
without tarrying.

(Repeat each time.)

This hat that I wear on my head,

If it is the buckler protecting my contempla-
tion, I rejoice.

If I keep it unchangingly, I shall be happy, etc.

These little boots that I wear upon my feet,

If they are the steps that sustain my con-
templation, I rejoice thereat.

This fine Lha-sa cloth that I wear on my body.

If it doth wrap me in insensibility, I rejoice
thereat.

These hairpins fastened on my head.

If they clothe the Buddha with fibules of
gold, I rejoice thereat.

This little lustrous turquoise attached to me,
Light.

If it doth become a carven image for the eyes,
I rejoice thereat.

If this golden collar-clasp attached below,

Is one of the Ratnas, I rejoice thereat.

These ear-rings hung at my ears,

If they are the rolls of the sentences of
wisdom, I rejoice thereat.

NANSAL

This square plaque sown with turquoises
hung at my neck,

If it is a little monastery of various colours,
I rejoice thereat.

This plait of my hair spread behind me,

If it is a cord of contemplation which girdleth
me, I rejoice thereat.

This ring rooted in the top of my plait,

If it is a book of prayer, I rejoice thereat.

This loud roaring and this soft tigress' roaring,

If it is a lama's word, I rejoice thereat.

This place on high toward which one must go,

If it leadeth toward the sky, I rejoice thereat.

This place below toward which one must
press forward,

If it should precipitate the wicked into hell,
I rejoice thereat.

We who make this stuff,

If we explain causes and effects, I rejoice
thereat.

. . . . (*Three incomprehensible verses.*)

This workroom of weaving,

If it is a floor for celebrating worship, I
rejoice thereat.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

This scarf so light to send away,
If it is a present for a lama, I rejoice thereat.

These numerous crossed threads,
If they are three thousand eight hundred
monks, I rejoice thereat.

This piece of stuff white and soft to the
touch,
If it is the road that leadeth to beatitude, I
rejoice thereat.

This angle-stone, on the right,
If it is a lama's room, I rejoice thereat.

This angle-stone, on the left,
If it is my contemplation cell, I rejoice
thereat.

If I keep it unchangingly, I shall be happy.
I go to religion without tarrying.

Go heart and spirit to religion, O *Rich in
Happiness*.

Considering the chastisement of transmi-
gration,

May the impious young girl return toward
religion."

Thus did Nansal sing. And *Rich in Happi-
ness* answered her :

"O elder sister, the lamas themselves are
less learned than thee.

And even the great doctors of former times
were so only after consulting books.

NANSAL

Elder sister, all that thou doest is desirable.
The ignorant who are reborn in hell are like me."

And as she did not yet desire religion, faith was born in her and she dissolved in tears. Nansal said :

"Ye three, young girls, hear me.

If one doth consider the pains of transmigration,

And the three sufferings which follow the body into limbo,

With the heart quivering in the breast, one cannot bear the thought of it.

Have ye taken counsel among yourselves?

In case of perishing, stricken by misfortune,

Have ye sought a refuge whither to flee and wherein to hide?

At the moment that sudden death cometh above your head,

The powerful chief, the rich man with his treasures, friends, parents even, are useless.

Having placed our confidence in the three Jewels,

Can we not practise holy religion?"

Rich in Happiness answered her :

"Elder sister, what thou sayest is true.

If, neglecting our body, we are enemies of it,

One day we shall be greatly happy.

But if the spirit be impure, even though one should wear the yellow monk's habit, one is without virtue.

If we go with thee to religion, elder sister,

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Thy parents and ours will be in sorrow.

Rinag the chief would overwhelm them with reproaches and would ruin them.

And then we should not taste any happiness.

For our kinsmen even, our entry into religion would be painful.

But let us give rather all sorts of alms."

Having spoken thus, the young girls went back to their homes. And Nansal having folded up her loom, returned home.

Her mother said to her :

" Daughter, eat if thou art hungry, drink if thou art thirsty. Send the servants to draw water."

Nansal thought in her spirit :

" The servants are tired by the day's work."

And going herself to seek her water, she reached the fountain. After having sprinkled some water in offering to the divine lamas, she lay prostrate. The water of the fountain had been made muddy by the storm. The young girl thought in her heart :

" Alas! even that teaches me that I am ephemeral."

Then she sang these counsels of wisdom :

" Precious lama and father full of grace,
Who guideth creatures with compassion,
I pray to thee with a respectful heart ;
Lead the young girl to religion.

The created are like wrinkles in the water.

The blue in them is troubled and they hinder the bottom from being seen.

NANSAL

And at the moment of dying, there is no longer time for repentance."

Having sung thus, she shed tears. Then carrying away her water, she returned to the house. Her mother said to her :

"If thou doest the servants' work, the servants will stay idle.

To-day thou art melancholy.

Thy face is filled with tears.

Who hath done thee hurt? Tell me."

And Nansal answered :

"Nobody hath done me hurt.

It is the sadness of the world that afflicteth me.

I am torn between contrary desires.

By merits accumulated, creatures obtain the condition of man.

My lucky parents have engendered a daughter.

My body is noble and faultless.

And I have met with an impious husband.

The ties of the world are full of peril.

For the condition of man is rare as a star in full daylight.

Man hath the chance of being able to attain to perfection.

But if he loseth his conditions of beatitude,

He falleth for ever vanquished.

I, young girl, am going to religion."

She spake, and her mother answered :

"What dost thou say about entering religion?

This sorrow of the world of which thou speakest, I did not burden thee with it.

Who hath seen the sorrow of hell?

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Who is come back from transmigration ?

Thou art deprived of neither food, nor of raiment.

Thou sufferest not either from the heat or from the cold.

Whereas the religious life will give thee some trouble."

And Nansal answered her :

" My mother's language is not just.

The enumeration of sorrows is really there."

Having spoken, she sang this song to her mother :

" O precious woman with the face agreeable to see,

O compassionate woman with the harmonious voice,

I sing thee this prayer with an humble heart.

Lead thy daughter to religion.

I sing a song of the soul's sorrow.

The ephemeral body is like a rainbow in space.

Its beautiful image vanisheth.

When the time for dying is come,

The religion of the gods protectors is useful.

Riches are like the honey accumulated by the bee.

Although amassed by the bee, others enjoy the use thereof.

If one reflecteth well on the sufferings of the damned,

And on the sorrows of hell and limbo,

The heart trembleth in the breast.

NANSAL

But the passion which teareth faith from the heart

Causeth the memory of it to be lost equally.

I sing a song of certainty.

Mother, keep it carefully in thy heart.

I, young girl, am going to holy religion."

And the mother said in her turn :

"Thou dost speak at thine ease, with thy great wisdom.

As for me, I suffered first of all in bringing thee into the world after carrying thee in my breast.

Then I had the trouble of feeding thee.

Think lastly, when I had placed thee on the ground.¹

Of the care for thy raiment and finery.

Then I hoped to see thee the support of our old age,

Dost dare abandon thine old parents and thy son ?

Blush that thou sayest that thou art going to religion.

What shall we say to the people of the country?

Thou hast no brother, thou hast no sister.

Thou alone art our eyes for seeing,

Our tongue for speaking, our heart for thinking.

If thou dost enter religion, what will happen to us ?

What is called religion is asking a good lama for his formula.

¹ That is when thou couldst walk.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

It is preparing the altar, laying out the offerings.

It is making the monks propitious by one's reverence.

It is giving alms to blind beggars.

That is religion.

If it is for thus practising it becomingly,

Thy father and I will first of all shut ourselves up to practise it.

While awaiting the time that this child can walk,

Look after thy father's field.

Afterward, if thou wishest to go into religion, thou wilt depart."

Then Nansal offered this song in prayer to her mother :

"To the lama whom no blot of sin staineth,

To come to the fervent piety to which I aspire,

With a lofty aim I make this prayer :

I do not content my parents who have engendered me body and soul.

The three hells are a prison,

And I fear, girl without religion, to be shut up there.

If henceforth I do not free myself from the world,

There will no longer be time for me to escape this cycle.

Were one the first among an hundred men,

One would fall back at the moment of reaching the summit.

NANSAL

I dare not separate myself from my child,
born of my body.

If I preserve my love for him,
I, his mother, am near to falling into the
abyss of hell,

When oneseeth the suffering which succeedeth
death,

The happiness of life is only a dream.

And I am afraid of falling into hell.

In this time of the five impurities,

Life is only a fleeting instant.

One hath no time to divert from religion.

From the young girl who is retiring from
the world,

Keep away the snares of enemy spirits."

Thus did she speak. Her mother thought
to herself:

"This child listeneth not to my words.

Formerly, when those who love her scolded
her,

She answered otherwise and she wished to
command."

Thinking thus, she said:

"My daughter, in this life, no one is prefer-
able to thine old parents.

If thou art going into religion, do not hurry.

Now art thou departing as though led by a
nose-ring, in a powerful man's hand.

Seeing that we are united beneath the same
roof, whither art thou going?

If thou obeyest not our words, what is thy
thought?

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Once in thy retreat thou wilt regret.

Chief Rinag, if he be severe, will deprive thee of life.

If he be weak, he will certainly tear out thine eyes.

At that price, break now our union of mother and daughter."

Having spoken thus, she went out. Then Nansal said to the servitors :

"Sleep early to-night and rise early in the morning.

I will light the fire."

Having spoken, she lit the fire and went into the treasure-room to fetch wherewith to make beer. The stable beneath the house was full. Nansal thought in her spirit :

"Here is the fruit of alms given in former lives.

If this abundance doth engender avarice,

It becometh the abode of the hungry demons of hell."

Thinking thus, Nansal shed many tears.

Immediately she thought :

"It is useless that I exist.

Despair is not faith.

Destroying is not giving.

I want to go to religion."

Having thought thus, she prepared herself for departure.

She rolled a bundle of clothes in a coloured petticoat. As she was about to set off, the child awoke and called : "Ama !" and he seized his mother.

NANSAL

Nansal took him on her knees, and she gave him the breast. She kissed him on the cheeks and, in the middle of her tears, she sang him this song :

“ Lamas, gods and Jewels,

Have pity on the young girl deprived of religion.

My son, like to my heart, young child like to a god,

Repeating the wishes of thy birth,

Let us be united in a same prayer.

First of all, when thou wert conceived in my body,

I brought thee the savour of exquisite food.

And the lotus of my body drooped.

Later, when thou camest out of my bowels,

Without remembrance, I was withered as if my limbs were shattered.

Then, I took thee on my breast,

Thou wert pretty as a garden flower.

I could no longer send thee away from my breast nor put thee on the ground.

I gave thee the milk from the summit of my soul.

I could no more separate myself from thee than from mine own carnal heart.

But when I think of the sufferings of transmigration,

Although thou art like a god incarnate,

If I love thee henceforth,

I do not free myself from transmigration.

And as I think of the suffering of hell, and

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

because one must observe the worship of the protecting gods,

Little child, young, divine incarnation,
Although being unable to tear myself from thee, I am going to leave thee.

Be well and be happy.

Thy mother is going to holy religion.

Only for one instant more are we together in this life.

Let us pray that we may find each other again in the pure abode of the beyond.

Practise the holy religion of the gods.

If thou takest the paternal heritage, at least avoid sin.

Do all possible for the cause of virtue.

Devote to religion the most intimate things of thy heart.

Son, if thou art hungry, eat sweetmeats.

If thou art thirsty, drink yaks' milk, my child.

Be ever in health, O my son.

Thy mother is going to holy religion."

Having thus spoken, she kissed him and continued :

"The chief, *Who Meriteth his Renown*, has left me this means of escaping from transmigration."

And speaking thus, she shed many tears. She suffered as if she were tearing out her heart and abandoning it.

She put her son down asleep and she could not leave him :

"For a mother to gain heaven, is a bottomless abyss.

NANSAL

She cannot bear the suffering of hell.

Child, take the three Jewels.

Mark what seed of salvation thy mother is sowing."

Having spoken, she shed many tears.

Then, she took her burden and went toward the door.

The moon of the eighteenth day was rising.

She set out without hesitating. And she went down the river of Nyang coming from the South. In the middle of the night she reached the bridge called *Essence of the Doctrine*. At the end of the bridge she saw two black forms. And she had a groaning of terror. Then she went forward, dreading the shadows and trying to avoid them :

"Who are ye?"

"We are two beggar hermits. And thou, who art thou?"

Nansal answered :

"I am a girl of *Hodka* in Upper Nyang, called *Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights*."

"Whither art thou going?"

"I am going to religion.

In this land, which lama is good? Which monastery is peaceful?

I am sickened of the world and am going to religion.

If ye are good, please to lead me before the best lama.

Or consent to show me his hermitage.

In short, put me at least on the right road."

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

The two hermits answered :

“ Daughter, it is good that thou goest to religion.

On the right of this valley is a rock having the form of a flame.

To the north of this rock, there is the monastery of Sébrag, like to a lotus with eight blown leaves.

There liveth a lama called *Excellent Çakya who Sheweth the Path of Deliverance*. He is versed in the Tantras and the mystic school *Very Perfect*.

The law that he teacheth is like to an offering of an hundred savours in a single dish.

He teacheth the doctrine of Buddha to great sinners.

Daughter, for thy case he is designed.”

And Nansal answered them :

“ That is perfect and excellent.

Because ye are the best friends that I have ever met ;

Take this as spiritual viaticum.”

Speaking thus, she counted ten ounces of turquoises and gold, and she offered them to the two hermits :

“ If people come seeking me, say not whither I have gone.”

And she set forth on the road that the hermits had indicated. The day broke and at the same time the monastery appeared. At the foot of the monastery there was a resting-place ; Nansal stopped there to sleep and rest. During

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her sleep, she saw herself on the threshold of a seven-stepped stupa and she dreamed that, turning to the East and making wings of her dress, she flew away. Later, having risen, she set off again and reached the monastery gate. At the same moment the sun rose. Nansal knocked at the door. And the porter came reciting the litanies of Mandjuçri:

“Raise a flag of victory of religion.”

And at this same time he opened the door. Then Nansal related the history of her coming to religion and she asked the porter to lead her to the lama's side. But the lama said to the porter:

“This girl is the wife of the famous Chief Rinag.

If we cut this young girl's hair,

Rinag will vanquish my little lamasery and he will annihilate my monks.

He will have a cord attached to my neck and he will drag me off.

Because that would be the ruin of my doctrine,
Say that I am not here.

Give to eat to this young girl and tell her to return to her home.”

The porter having come back said to Nansal:

“The lama is not here. Return to thy home. And come first of all and take food.”

Hearing there was not a lama, Nansal was in despair and she shed many tears. As a conch chanced to sound, she asked herself what it was and she went to see. A monk bearing

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

a censer came out of the lama's house. Behind him walked a lama clad in the yellow habit. Nansal thought to herself:

"The porter hath deceived me. Certainly here is the lama."

And without hesitating, she ran and prostrated herself. She offered a big turquoise and a pair of silver buckles, and seizing the end of the lama's habit she sang him this prayer:

"Precious lama, hear my prayer.

I am Nansal of Chief Rinag governing Upper Nyang.

I was born of rich parents.

I was overwhelmed with viands, raiment and jewels.

If, during my human life, I do not observe the law;

In the beyond I shall have to endure the suffering of hell.

I pray thee, teach me perfection."

The lama answered her:

"Thou art born daughter to fortunate parents.

Thou hast not an elder brother.

But thou hast paternal house, fields and riches.

All these goods will not have a master.

A man without goods is a beggar.

Goods without a master are only land and stone.

Remembering thy possessions, thy house and thy fields, return to them."

And Nansal sang this song in reply:

"Precious lama full of grace,



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Have pity on the girl sinner at thy feet.

I am not without patrimony, or riches.

But I suffer in this rich abode.

Firstly its construction hath caused much trouble.

Then its upkeep costeth much care.

Finally when it is in ruins what will be left of it?

At the moment of dying, ephemeral things that we are,

We must leave our houses here.

I am not without riches.

But first of all amassing them hath caused much trouble,

Their upkeep costeth much care.

Finally, they will be one day dispersed by an enemy.

At the moment of dying, ephemeral things that we are,

Stripped of goods, we must depart with empty hands.

O lama, speak not thus, but give me religion.

If thou art good, cut off my hair."

And the lama answered her :

"My daughter, thou hast the work of the fields without.

Thou hast the care of the hearth within.

Thou hast a large family and many servitors.

Remember all these things and return now to thy home."

Then Nansal offered him this song :

"Precious lama and father full of grace.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

I am Nansal deprived of religion.

The work of the husbandmen is accumulated
in piles in the barns.

At the moment of dying, ephemeral thing
that I am,

I shall not carry away one single measure
of grain.

I have heaps of wool in skeins :

At the moment of dying, ephemeral thing
that I am,

I shall have to go away naked and unclad.

If I look toward my family,

All friends while I was happy,

We came together for meals.

My parents live little according to the
doctrine.

A family without religion is a court of
demons.

Now that I am useless to them,

They come together to calumniate me.

On my family's side, I have only torments.

When the moment for dying hath come,

I shall have to depart alone and without a
friend.

Lama, speak not thus, but cut my hair."

And the lama, speaking with his mouth,
answered her :

" Daughter, thou hast a high-placed husband,
Thou hast a child a year old, born of thy
flesh,

Men, full of pity, will gossip.

Henceforth, return to thy home."

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And again, Nansal offered him this song :

“ Blessed father and precious lama ;

I, Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights,

Am not without husband, it is true.

If I look toward my husband,

First of all, his face smiled at me like a god's image.

Soon he thought it useless to look at me.

At last, he had the heart to strike me as one doth strike oxen.

On my husband's side, I have only torments.

It is true that I am not without a child.

First of all he robbed me of the splendour of my body.

He took the best of the exquisite foods that I tasted.

When he was born, without remembrance was I withered as if my limbs were torn from me.

Afterwards he was nourished with my own food.

Lastly I stripped myself to clothe him.

He giveth neither usefulness nor happiness.

And he is a cause of going into hell.

On my son's side, I have only torments.

Lama, speak not thus, but cut my hair and teach me.”

Thus did she pray and the lama spake afresh :

“ What is the benefit of cutting one's hair and of wearing a yellow habit ?

To go one day to religion, an accumulation of former births is necessary.

Then avoid the sins and the occasions for
sins offered by thy neighbours' conduct.

If thou dost wish to dedicate thyself to the
accomplishment of virtue,

Be serene during thy youth.

Afterward, when thou art old, thou wilt learn
a doctrine.

And thou wilt have thus happiness in this
life and in the other.

But now, abandoning nothing, return to thy
home."

Then the young girl offered him this song of
prayer :

"Precious lama, leader of creatures, full of
grace,

Have pity on the young girl without religion.

One obtaineth the condition of man but once.

One knoweth not when one will die.

Riches are like honey accumulated by the bee.

Although amassed by the bee, others enjoy
its use.

This life is like a rainbow in space.

The young girl who forsaketh religion cannot
long remain unshaken.

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Lama, speak not thus, but cut my hair and teach me."

And the lama speaking through his mouth :

" Daughter, there is the master of the house, Kinag.

The people round him have black dispositions toward thee.

Pay great attention to the dangers.

If the shepherd's dog runneth too fast,

There is danger that the last goats remain separated from the flock.

That is why thou art very young.

Only since a moment past hast thou faith.

To arrive alone at religion is difficult.

Because there is danger from Kinag, who hath power to do all he will ;

Because he will strike this holy monastery and will ruin it.

Hear what I am about to say and reflect well.

Hear these words :

Let us pray the three Jewels refuges.

Hear, young *Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights*.

Thou art not like to men, but like to an Indian peacock.

Sister, thy striking beauty is not religious.

Thou art not like to men, but like to the lion which dwelleth in the snows.

Sister, religion is not for those that have turquoise hair.¹

Thy flesh is tender as a little child's ;

¹ The lions are represented with a blue mane.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Sister, religion is not made for babbling.

Although still a little girl, thou art like a white head.

Sister, tales and gossip are not at all religious.

Thou art like a house cat.

Sister, religion is not for those that lick themselves and make themselves lustrous.

That is why return to thy land.

I will send a courier and he will announce how thou dost return from here.

Take back half thy presents.

Take this blue standard knotted with a magic knot. And now go."

The lama offered the standard and closed the door. Then Nansal prayed thus :

" Precious lama, if thou dost not cut my hair,

If thou dost not teach me,

Hear at least my last prayer."

And she offered him this song :

" Father full of grace, precious lama,

Master of the doctrine, who sheweth the way of deliverance,

I beseech thee with a respectful heart,

Have pity on the endless chain of limbos.

Nansal of the Hundred-thousand Lights, deprived of religion,

My human life hath no direction.

Unfortunate woman, I am impious.

My father and my mother are my enemies.

My fields, my house, my riches, are the gains of avarice.

To have a child troubles the soul.

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My husband is son of a demon.

Man without religion is a fine animal.

I desire not either turquoises, or jewels, or finery.

I abandon them to thee.

The impious young girl is like the animal.

Rather than accumulate a brutish beast's works,

I am going to make myself die.

Have pity on the chain of the limbos.

Rather than be reborn and die like an animal,

Better to die now before the lama.

And may I, being reborn with a man's body, then meet the holy doctrine!"

Thus as she was resolved to die, the lama seized her by the arm and said :

" If thou killest thyself now,

Thou wilt have to be reborn and to kill thyself an hundred times.

Since thou hast run to the desert,

Nothing urgeth to run to the clamorous plain.

If thou hast a like faith ;

If thou dost understand the song I am going to tell,

It will be excellent for thee to shut thyself up in the religious life.

If thou dost not understand, my daughter, return to thy land."

He spake, then he sang this song :

" Hail to the venerable lamas,

Daughter *Hundred-thousand Lights*, hear me.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

If thou dost practise the worship of the gods
from the bottom of thy heart,

I think that thou canst contemplate in
solitude,

And adore other things than the world.

In the temple of thy breast,

At the apex of the triangle of thy heart,

Thine immaterial soul is agitated like a wild
horse and like the wind.

If thou dost stop this horse, with what lasso
wilt thou take him?

If thou dost attach him, to what post wilt
thou attach him?

If he is hungry, on what wilt thou feed him?

If he is thirsty, what water wilt thou give
him?

With what saddle and with what bit wilt
thou furnish him?

What horseman will ride him?

If he runneth, on what prairie will he run?

If he fleeth, from what moving mud will he flee?

If he sleepeth, on what land will he rest?

With which hand wilt thou hold his rein?

If thou knowest, answer and thou hast won.

If thou knowest not, daughter, return to thy
land."

Thus did he speak and Nansal answered :

"Elder brother, precious lama.

Master of the doctrine, who teacheth the
way of salvation,

In the chaste temple of my bosom,

At the apex of the triangle of my heart,

NANSAL.

Mine immaterial soul is agitated like the wild horse and like the wind.

If I stop this horse, it will be with the rope of the attention.

If I attach him, I shall attach him to the post of profound contemplation.

If he is hungry, I shall nourish him with the mystic doctrine.

If he is thirsty, he will drink the running water of remembrance.

If he is cold, I shall shut him in the enclosure of annihilation.

As saddle and as bit, I will furnish him with talents and knowledge.

Myself will be the horseman.

I will gallop in the plains of immense felicity.

If he fleeth, he will flee from the slough of transmigration.

If he sleepeth, he will rest on the land of the Bodhisattwas.

I shall hold out his rein to the lama.

Lama, if thou art good, be pleased to cut off this hair."

Thus did she pray, and the lama was filled with admiration :

" Daughter, thou dost possess naturally the doctrine.

Thou art already fitted for the vow.

Thou canst cut thy hair freely,

And thou canst still better not cut it at all."¹

¹ The wearing of long hair marks the superior degree in the hierarchy of the *Gyumas* monks.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

Thus did he speak, and the monks let Nansal enter the monastery. There she was blessed and consecrated by the tonsure and by the admission to the vow. The lama told her in one time the two mystic doctrines. And she entered into contemplation.

Her spirit opened excellently to the teaching. In the evening she remembered the words which the lama had said in the morning. Then the lama said to her :

“ Daughter, stay not here, but go into the desert.

Thou art young and I am old. If we dwell side by side,

The other men will make jests.

To the East from here, there is a grotto called *Rock which veileth* and which hath the faultless form of a lotus of Urgyan.

Before, the mountain is like a veil of white silk.

Behind, the mountain is like an inverted cloud.

Retire into this grotto to contemplate.

And grow in spirit of contemplation.”

Thus, young Nansal, realizing the symbol of her dream, flew toward the *Rock which veileth* and she abode there.

Sometime afterward, the two hermits named *Quality* and *Who delivereth himself*, who had barred the bridge *Essence of the Doctrine*, as they were going to Upper Nyang to beg some

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food, climbed to the land of *Hodka*. There, there was a beautiful dwelling surrounded by outbuildings stretching over a wide space. A great number of flocks came out of it. The mistress of these possessions, an old woman, laden with bracelets of gold and silver, led a child by the hand. The hermits said to her :

“ We are two hermits, and we ask shelter of thee.”

The old woman swiftly placed the child before her and said :

“ Hermits, whence do ye come ?

I have an excellent shelter for you.

Have ye no news to tell ? ”

And the hermits asked :

“ Is this child thy grandson ? ”

The old woman answered :

“ I had a daughter called *Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights*.

Whither has she gone ? I have never had news of her and I am incapable of finding her.

Ye two hermits, have ye perchance met her ? ”

The hermits, coming out of their turquoise belt which Nansal had given them, showed it and said :

“ Dost thou recognize this ? ”

The old lady, having seen the turquoise, fainted.

And the hermits waked her with their saliva.

Then the old woman said :

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES

"Was not this turquoise taken from my daughter's corpse?"

Or did someone steal it from her and give it to you?"

And she asked the story in detail. The hermits answered:

"If it be thy daughter, she is at the monastery of *Sébrag*, in the mountains of the South, like to a blown lotus; and she hath planted there the flag of victory of perfection. Some have met her; they say that she holdeth herself suspended an elbow's length from the ground. When one hath seen her, they say, one is straightway filled with joy."

Then the old woman pitched some beds for them and served them.

Sometime after, Rinag sent a courier to the prairies. (He said to Nansal's mother:)

"Would it not be good that thou shouldst be reunited with thy daughter while she is a young woman?"

Would it not be good that we should go in search of her?"

Having counted the days, they fixed a favourable day and they set out for the monastery of *Sébrag*.

Then the lama and his disciples offered a sacrifice.

At last the famous chief and his son reached the entrance of Nansal's cell. The chief said:

"We are come."

And the child advanced before the entrance.

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When Rinag saw Nansal motionless and absorbed in the effort of contemplation, his anger fell. Without strength, he was conquered by faith, and he said :

“Nansal, thy strength of soul is great, thou art stronger than men.

We two, father and son, turning back, are going away again.”

And Nansal sang these stanzas :

“O lama, master of the doctrine which sheweth the path to salvation,

Divine incarnation who hath promised me union,

Abandon me not, but take me in pity.

Chief Rinag of great renown, thou who dost increase thy riches,

Created beings are like clouds in the sky ;

I do not see them as real.

One is man but once.

If thou returnest home empty of works, thou wilt be deceived.

At the moment of being carried away by the god of death,

The powerful go away without power ;

There is no more time for discussion.

Parents and kinsmen would lie in vain,

Friends themselves would be transformed in vain.

When that moment is come,

Religious works are no longer of use.

It is now, thy companions and thou, that it is proper to listen to me.

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Make for thyself a refuge of the three Jewels.
Go all three with zeal to works of virtue.

Now am I happy at our meeting.

May we see each other again in the sky of
the beyond !”

As she said these words, Rinag’s anger was
fallen. And the inanity of things grew in his
spirit and he desired religion. Then the old
mother said :

“ Daughter, I did first of all painfully carry
thee in my bosom.

Then did I give thee turquoises, silks and
ornaments.

At last, bad girl, thou didst abandon thine
old parents.

To what old servitors didst thou confide
them ?

Living, thou art as insensible as a dead
woman.”

And weeping, she thus beseeched.

Then Nansal sang these strophes to her
mother :

“ Lamas, gods and Jewels, have pity on me.

I desire to serve my parents.

To whom I owe a limitless gratitude.

The appearance of this life is like a dream.

At the hour of death, there is no place where
to take refuge.

My son, who destroyed my body’s flesh,

I could not tear myself from him.

Then I wished to dedicate myself to religion,

I had to give attentions to my child.

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I was not without loving gold and silver passionately, and pearls and ornaments.

After I had contemplated the suddenness of death,

I no longer desired jewels or ornaments.

Now that I contemplate in unique meditation,

I no longer love good fare, nor raiment, nor riches.

Let my mother keep this in her heart."

She spake thus and her mother sobbed :

"This girl hath no heart.

Our friends and neighbours spake truly.

She hath left her room empty.

She hath broken my heart.

She babbleth nought but pious words.

And my only daughter, although alive, is separated from me."

Thus did she weep. And Nansal looked out of the door of her grotto. She saw her mother old and overwhelmed, thin and wasted.

Then her heart was troubled and her tears spurted. She was seated in the pose of contemplation and she threw herself out of the grotto. And her mother embraced her :

"My daughter, let us stay together a month, or only a half-month, or for the least ten days."

But Nansal sang these stanzas :

"Father and mother, I pray you.

Father and mother full of grace, hear me.

Our fragile life is like the flower of autumn.

The flower drooping from the morning, is parched at night.

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The word is ephemeral as the growling of thunder in space.

The strongest growling of the thunder is only an empty noise.

The ephemeral soul is like the clouds in the sky,

Doth one not see the cloud disperse itself?

Friends are ephemeral as strangers come for the fairs ;

Assembled to-day, to-morrow they are no longer.

Works are ephemeral. At the moment of death,

They are useless if they be not the works of religion.

To-day, my soul is glad to have found my mother again.

Our reunion will endure for ever.

Resign thyself to returning to thy land.

Thy daughter is accomplishing what the doctrine hath taught."

Nansal spake thus, and her mother said :

" Blush in thy heart so far from me :

After abandoning thine old parents, alone like unicorns,

Thou darest speak thus !

The daughter of others than us, after flying to the monastery, after cutting her hair and

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changing her name, would have returned to the land.

She would have done her parents' service.

But thou, thou dardest speak thus."

Speaking thus, she wept. Nansal answered her :

"It is true thou art my mother in this life.

But think with joy that by my meditative contemplation,

We shall go to heaven in the other life,

And other creatures in great number will go also."

She spake thus and did not desire to return to her land. Then her mother served the master and the disciples assembled for the repast. And Nansal rejoicing in her heart, said this word :

"I also will offer you viands."

She spake, and calming her heart for perfect serenity, she joined hands, then presented to the guests fresh branches of Myrobalan with their fruit and their leaves, saying :

"Here are my viands, make a feast and do religious work."

Having spoken, she sang this song :

"Hail to the venerable lamas!

I, young girl *Hundred-thousand Lights*,

Suffer from the law of transmigration.

I hate the world

Where on each mountain is built a fortress.

Where the princesses are the war chiefs.

Having seen these ogresses covered with

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human remains, I have practised the religion of the gods with fervour.

The monks make the laws and render judgment.

They pronounce sentences of blows or of death.¹

When I saw these wolves, and their blows, and their hail.²

I, young girl, practised the religion of the gods with fervour.

The mountains and the valleys disappear beneath the multitude of robbers.

The robbers being assembled attack and vanquish the monks followers of Buddha.

Joyous with their booty, they are filled with arrogance.

When I saw this melted brass boil,

I practised the religion of the gods with fervour.

Having destroyed the temples, they make of them the ogress' slaughter-houses.

Overturning holy images, they plant in them their spears and their lances.

And breaking the statues of Buddha, they melt them into jewels for their coquetting wives.

¹ Or: "They pronounce incantations that strike or that kill." Two senses grammatically and critically acceptable, according to the sense proper or figurative, of the words. These amphibologies are often intentional in Tibetan texts.

² Hail is the favourite scourge of Tibetan sorcerers.

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When I saw these Buddhas destroyed,
I practised the religion of the gods with
fervour.

Mother, keep this in thy heart.

In the middle of the night, let us pray with
excellence.

At dawn, let us breathe the breeze which
giveth life.

At sunrise, we shall receive the radiance of
an hundred lights.

Let us take refuge in the three Jewels !

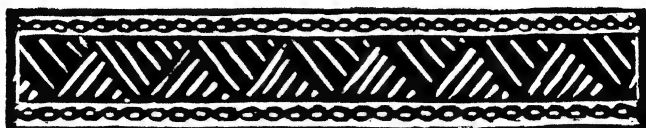
Let us think of those who suffer like thee.

Mercy to the weak !

Felicity to all !

Be happy !”





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Better than stone, or, Made of stone. Tib.: *rdolas-grags-pa*. Pr.: *dolétchrapa*. Name of Nansal's son.

Brilliant of an Hundred-thousand Lights. Tib.: *Snang-gsal-hoddé-hbum*. Pr.: *Nansal Heudéboum*. Heroine's name.

Brilliant White Raiment. Tib.: *Snang-gsal-dkar-rgyan*. Pr.: *Nansal-kargyen*. Name of Nansal's mother.

Courageous Happiness. Tib.: *Bsod-nams-dpah*. Pr.: *Seunampa*. Name of the confidant of Chief Rinag, governor.

Delivered from the Terrible, or, Delivered from Yamantaka. Tib.: *Gzigs-byed-kun-grol*. Pr.: *zig kié kun djreul*. Name of Nansal's father.

Excellent Lucky Man. Tib.: *Kun-bzang-bdé-tchén*. Supposed name of Nansal's father.

Essence of the Doctrine. Tib.: *tchhos-sdings*. Pr.: *tcheuding*. Name of bridge on River Nyang.

Excellent Çakya who Sheweth the Path of Deliverance. Tib.: *Thar-paï-lam-ston-Çahkyaï-mthsan-tchan*. Name of the superior lama of the monastery of Sébrag. This same lama bears also the name of *smug-ston-Çahkyaï-rgyal-mthsan*. Çakya, flag of victory . . . (the two first syllables are untranslatable).

The Frontiers. *Pha-khu*. Name of country.

Full of glory, or, Great glory. Tib.: *Grags-tchhen-po*. Epithet and name of Rinag.

Hod-ka-phad-khur. Name of land in Upper Nyang, natal land of Nansal; untranslatable. Sense given by a lama: Country in length (?).

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Light of Nyang. Word-for-word: Who covers with light the land of Nyang. Tib.: *Nyang-sa-gsal-sgron*. Supposed name of Nansal's mother.

Néning. Pr. of *Gnas-Sñing* (heart of the holy place). Name of monastery in Upper Nyang.

Nyang. Name of district and river, southern tributary of the Brahmapootra, which crosses it. Nyang extends between the Brahmapootra and the Himalayas.

Upper Nyang. Tib.: *Nyang-stod*, has Gyangtse for capital.

The Prairies or The Pasturages. Tib.: *Spang-kha*.

Quality. Tib.: *tchhos-ñyid*. Pr.: *tchheu-ñyid*. Hermit's name.

Ratna. See Jewels.

Rich in Happiness. Tib.: *Hdzom-pa-skyid*. Name of a chief's daughter in the village of Hodka.

Rinag (black mountain). Name of the governor of Tsang, Nansal's husband.

Rock which veileth. *Brag-yol-ba*. Pr.: *tchra-yeul-oua*. Name of the grotto where Nansal retired.

Sébrag. Pr.: *se-tchra*. Name of monastery. This word is written in three different ways in the text: *gséb-brag*, or heap of rocks; *bsé-brag*, or rock of the unicorn; *sé-brag*, or rock of the roses. There is sometimes added to it *gyag-lung*, or valley of the yaks; sometimes *yar lung*, which is the name of a rich province to the east of Lha-sa.

Tsang. Tib.: *Gtsang*. Province of Tsang to the west of Lhasa and the capital of which is Tashilhumpo.

Thousand-Parrots. *Né-tso-hbum*. Name of Nansal's sister-in-law.

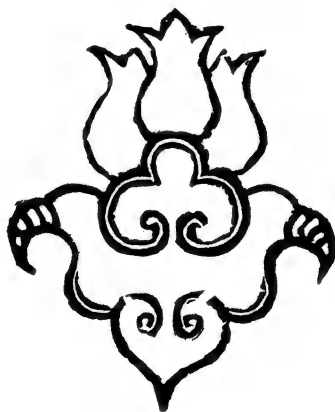
Who Meriteth his Renown. Word-for-word: Who realizeth the reason of his renown. Tib.: *Grag-pa-don-hgrub*. Name of Rinag's son. He is presented once as son, once as brother of Rinag's sister. The text does not permit us to determine which of these two titles is to be chosen. It would rather seem that

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the same name has been given in mistake to two different personages.

Who Realizeth Desired Glory. Tib.: *Grags-pa-bsam-hgrub*. Name of a son of Rinag. There is possibly confusion with the preceding name.

Who Delivereth Himself. Tib.: *Rang-grol*. Hermit's name.





POSTFACE

SUCH is the Tibetan drama, drama of the high places. The monasteries where it is played occupy chosen places, those aerial valleys of Upper Asia, the waters of which still dominate our modest Mont Blanc; where the rarefied air is extraordinarily exalting, pure and cold; where the sun burns men, the first men it meets with its rays. The monasteries, the stage of this drama, are oases of prayer in enchanted deserts.

To go to this drama the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, masters and men on horseback, have for many days traversed the prairie, passed along valleys or crossed the mountain forest and its rhododendron woods. Then they have pitched their white, black-braided tents. Like the houses of a town round the public square, the tents open their canvas walls on the free space of the stage.

Before these Tibetans gathered from afar,

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the actors do not represent life, but their ideal of life. Their theme is the impermanence of things. Their theatre is a camp of nomads which itself disappears as soon as the performance is over.

